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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLII No. 1992 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — MARCH 26 1938

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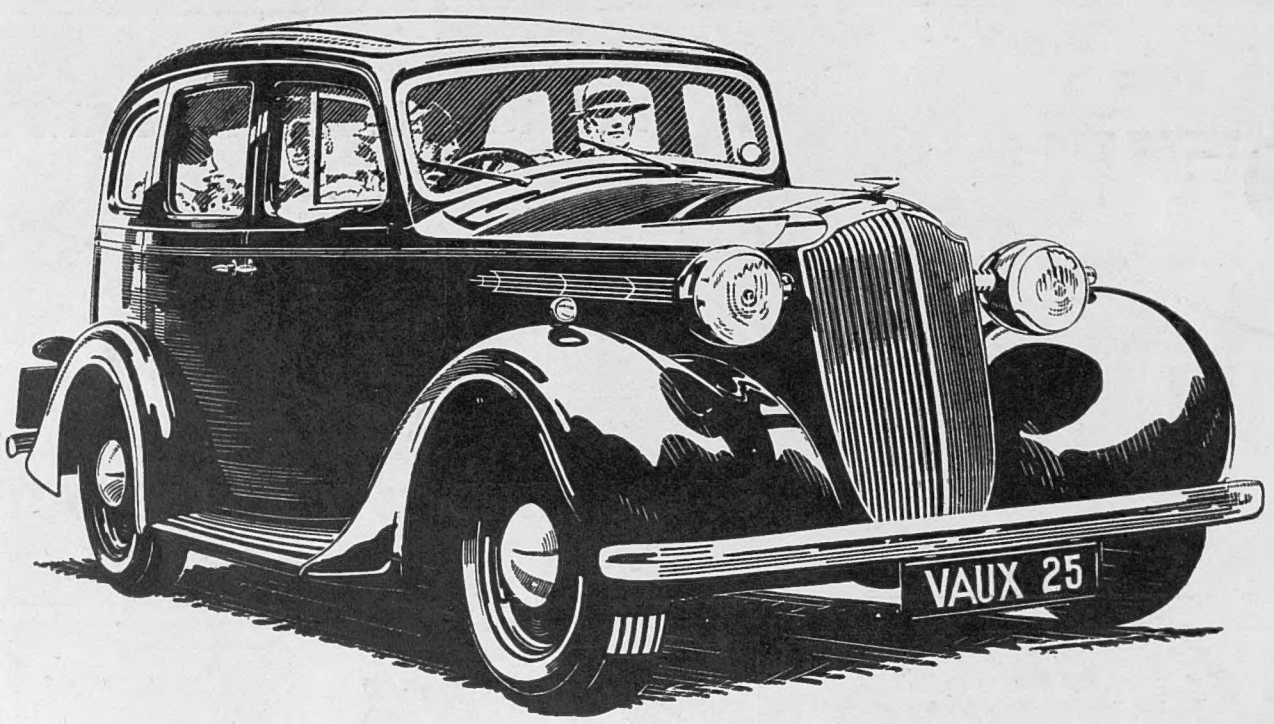
FACTS for the Big Car Owner



The Vauxhall 25 h.p.—a big, roomy 5-seater saloon.

£315

VAUXHALL ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP

gives these advantages in the Vauxhall 25

Independent Suspension *(riding changed to gliding)*

Hydraulic Brakes *(double-safety ; smooth ; powerful)*

Performance with Economy *(80 m.p.h.—over 20 m.p.g.)*

Controlled Synchromesh on all Forward Gears *(you can forget the gearbox)*

Overhead Valves *(A Vauxhall feature for 16 years)*

The Vauxhall 25 has many other advanced features, such as a built-in car heater, No-Draught Ventilation ; reversing light ; adjustable steering column ; ample enclosed luggage accommodation ; mechanical windscreen wipers ; articulated spring gaiters ; helically-cut gears, and so on.

IN this brief announcement we can give only a few facts about the Vauxhall 25. Such as, for instance, that it was built to meet world competition (and according to owners) is doing so . . . that on a recent R.A.C. official test, over 1,000 miles of public roads, the 25 h.p. Saloon did 22.48 m.p.g. We have not room to explain why the acceleration is so virile . . . how the infinitely variable suspension gives such comfort and stability and changes riding into gliding . . . . . why the hydraulic brakes are " double-safety " . . . . why Vauxhall Synchromesh is so different from just " synchromesh " . . . . or describe the built-in car heater and defroster and many other features of an outstanding luxury car. Yet the Saloon costs £315.

But—the whole story is interestingly told in a book entitled " Facts." It will appeal even to the least technically-minded. Will you write for a copy to " Magazines", Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton ? You'll be interested, even though you may never buy a Vauxhall 25.

VAUXHALL

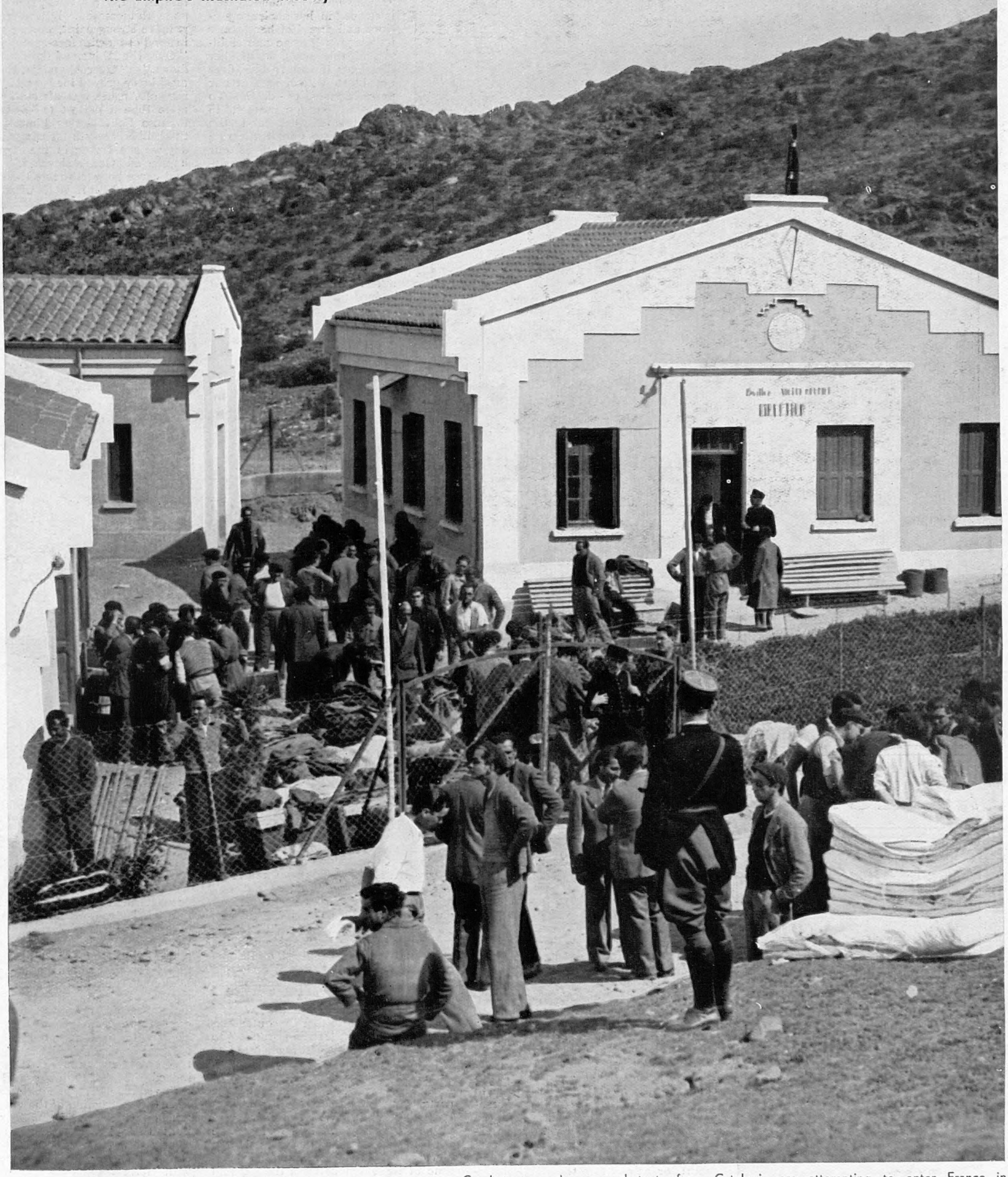
If you are interested in a smaller car ask your local Vauxhall dealer to show you these models :—

10 H.P. FOUR another outstanding example of Vauxhall Engineering Leadership. In a recent R.A.C. official trial, the saloon did 43.4 m.p.g. Many big features, including Independent Springing, controlled synchromesh, overhead valves. Saloons from £168.

12 H.P. SIX a companion car to the famous Vauxhall 14. The ideal model for motorists who want a car that will do almost everything the 14 will do, but are content with a slightly smaller engine. Independent Springing. A Six at the price of a Four. Saloon £215.

14 H.P. SIX became the most popular 14 h.p. car when introduced. Thanks to Vauxhall Engineering Leadership, it still leads. In a recent R.A.C. official trial, the 14 h.p. Saloon did 30.31 m.p.g. Independent Springing. De Luxe Saloon £225. Touring Saloon with built-in luggage boot £230.

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, March 26, 1938

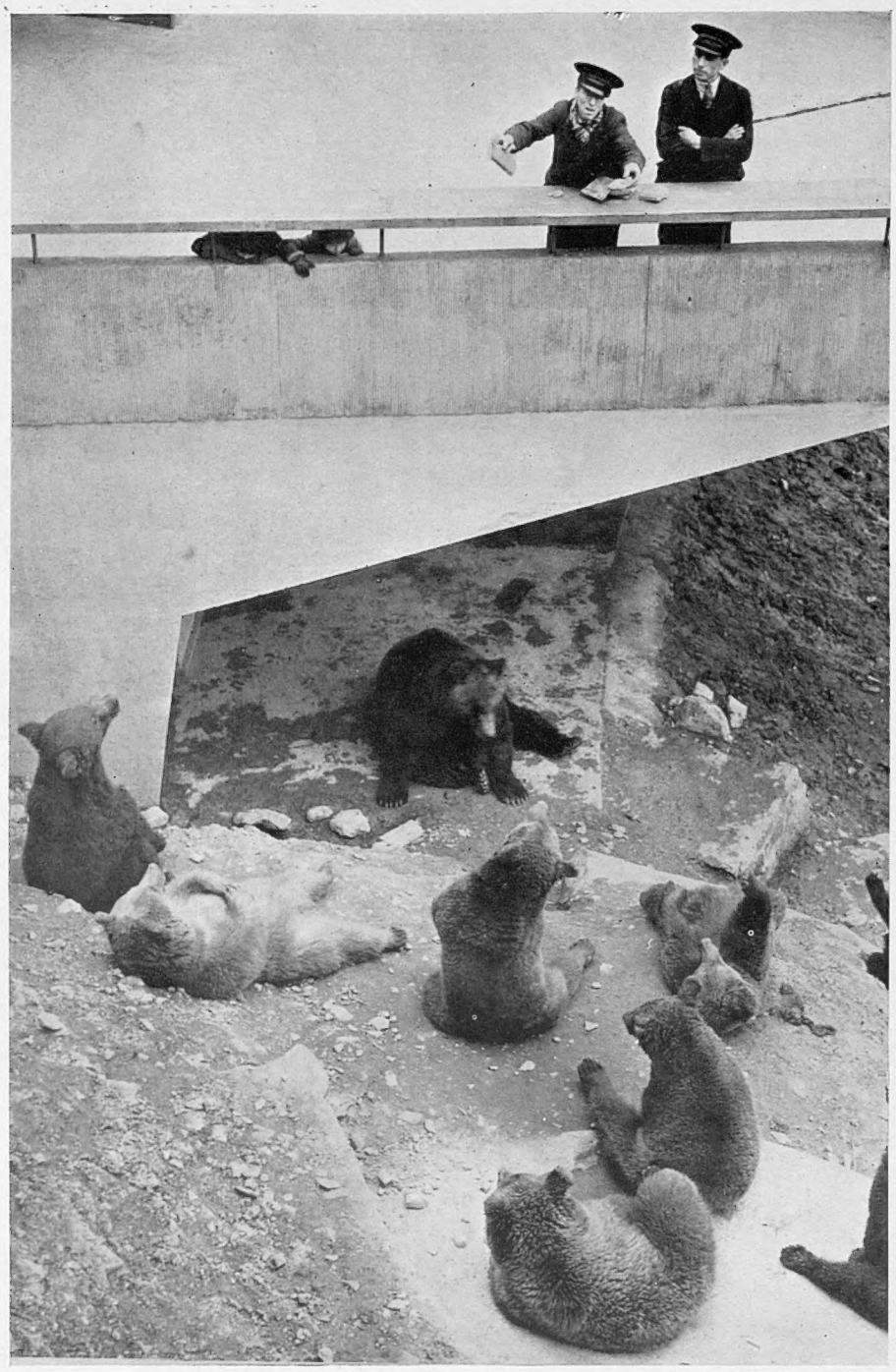


SPANISH REFUGEES ON THE FRENCH FRONTIER

Men Interned in a Holiday Camp at Port Vendres Following Their Arrival From the Civil War Zone

Combatants and non-combatants from Catalonia are attempting to enter France in increasing numbers, for last week the Spanish Civil War swung heavily in favour of the insurgents when General Franco, evidently with new resources at his command, advanced rapidly through Aragon towards the sea with the object of dividing Government territory. At the same time he ruthlessly raided Barcelona from the air, despatching bomber squadron after bomber squadron which, in the space of a few days, killed at least 800 people, injured 2,200 others, and laid waste large areas of the city. France, fearing the collapse of the Catalan Government and a rush of refugees on the same scale as that which followed the fall of Irun at an earlier stage in the war, reinforced her mobile guards on the border and made ready to send two regiments to dis-arm and marshal the refugees. There was particular activity at Port Vendres where members of the French diplomatic corps arrived with 200 persons who had been given asylum in the French Embassy at Madrid and afterwards at Valencia and Barcelona. These people were at once found temporary accommodation in a holiday camp, as depicted above, and were joined by others who had made their own way over the frontier. It was also reported that General Niccolet, military commander in the Perpignan region, was carrying out an extensive tour of frontier posts

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



THE WORLD AND ITS TROUBLES GO BY UNHEEDED at Dudley Open Air Zoo where the Himalayan bears, taking their tea in the sunshine, provide a carefree picture of contentment

LONDONERS BASK IN THE SUMMER-LIKE SUNSHINE: A picture taken in Kensington Gardens last week-end when the temperature was over 16 deg. above the average for the time of year and equal to the average for early June. Not for ninety-eight years, the weather statisticians say, has Britain enjoyed such a dry and sunny March. On Sunday thousands of motorists made for the coast resorts and the country

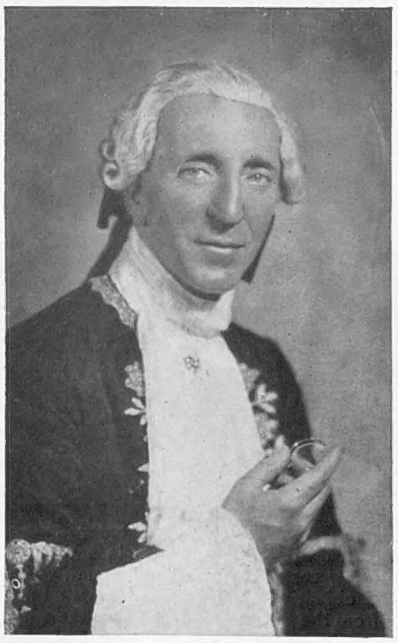
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4
Wednesday, March 23, 1938.

COURT-MARTIALLING THE AIR MINISTRY.—When last week the Premier refused to submit to a new Air Ministry inquiry, and heaped praise on Lord Swinton and his staff for their immense energy and ability in pressing on the R.A.F. programme in co-operation with the industry, he gained applause when he pointed out how inopportune was the occasion when all our efforts should be united in providing the country with an efficient Air Force. He made the further point that to concede such an inquiry would be to admit the total failure of his Government. It follows therefore that the Premier's remarks modify to some extent the Government's admissions from their general acceptance of the Cadman report, or at any rate the public interpretation of those admissions. The Premier, it is true, confirms the admission that it was a grave mistake, in the event, to commit the charge of civil aviation to a department overburdened with rearmament work. But it must not be forgotten that the cardinal principle laid down in the accepted Cadman report is that civil aviation is the fountain, the hinge, the guts, of air power and air defence. If that principle be admitted (as apparently it is) the Government should logically admit that it made a grave mistake in not removing the control of the development of civil aviation from the Air Ministry at the first moment when it became obvious that Lord Swinton was too busy to attend to it.

"A STRONG PROTEST."—Which of us did not feel the humiliation of Austria's last hour? Who among us who loves his country and is steeped in her ancient traditions and proud of her former influence in Europe and civilisation, the prestige of her diplomacy in former days, does not blush with shame at our powerlessness to-day? To maintain our guarantees, to protect the weak and the minorities, to uphold the rule of law, even as late as our own youth, those were principles by which we stood and for which we were honoured, feared, and often hated in Europe. To-day we must stand idle and look the other way while such wrongs are committed; and who is there among Englishmen who would not rather that we should endure the crowning humiliation in silence than resort to the outworn diplomatic forms of "strongly worded protests." Protests in old days were strongly worded for one reason only; because behind the strong words were ranged stronger arguments which gave support to the wordy battalions. To-day there is no Dictator-country which dare not call our bluff and expose the weakness of our hand for all civilisation to see. That the humiliation is inevitable, no one denies. For a decade and more, the spirit and latterly the ghost of League principles have let us down, and, tied up to France in an humiliating *mariage de Nantes*, we have sunk in a common sack into turgid diplomatic waters, turned hither and thither by contending eddies. That last "strong protest" to Germany, so instantly thrown into the w.p.b., sticks in our throats. We have no allies for a crisis such as this. France was making Cabinets in the party game while the sand ran out. Russia . . .? Will she ever cease purging? America . . .? "The average American is not interested in European affairs." *Nothing*, in this time of transition between the old and the new methods of diplomacy, is yet to hand to take the place of the old backing which lent force and point to strong expressions of protest, and until that new backing is found in the moral determination of sane nations in league, at least we should abandon the humiliating expedient of playing with empty phrases.

ARE THERE LIMITS?—It were not strange if the vigorous Dictator-countries, which have so often called our bluff and never yet understood (small wonder!) our underlying principles, should to-day ask themselves whether there remains any single issue on which the older democracies could be brought to oppose force to force. When Hitler decided to re-occupy the Rhineland, his army advisers assured him that France would march and Britain support her. As, clause by clause, he tore up the treaty obligations of Versailles, the wonder grew, doubt diminished, and German military strength increased. Driven from strong point to strong point, we are retreating in good order with face-saving formulae. "Over the Rhineland the League let us down." "Over Abyssinia, the League machinery proved inadequate"! "The rape of Austria was after all worth no more than a protest (a 'strong' one), because Schuschnigg himself did not think liberty worth bleeding for." To-day we are crying in the streets "but hands off Czechoslovakia." Would that cause be worth more than a strong protest? And if not, what about a claim for the return of Colonies? Small wonder if Germany prepares new causes for a show-down of hands, or Italy prepares to offer less and to ask more. Small wonder, if our political thinkers of diverse views begin to scratch their heads and search for a posthumous logic to cover our inconsistencies, and a belated policy to occupy the minds of our statesmen in the immediate and dark future. Thus, Lord Lothian sees in the rape of Austria tardy justice done to the Germans unjustly saddled with war guilt, and at last an admirable opportunity for peaceful negotiation on the Dictators' remaining demands, Minorities, Colonies, Mediterranean, etc. These peaceful negotiations would proceed more swiftly (he considers) if Britain be instantly conscripted for national service (broadly interpreted) in this great emergency. It is strange indeed that "the new world we all dreamed of in 1919," should dawn at last after the destruction of the very foundations on which those Versailles dreamers built their hopes. And Mr. Amery clearly views in this latest outrage the end of all discussion for a settlement with Germany, and all fear of our ever being persuaded to part with an acre of mandated territory. In these circumstances (says he, cheerfully), the issue being clarified, we must forge more and more guns and strengthen the ties which bind the Empire and invite co-operation in trouble, and stick to France, since France is our only possible friend, stimulating her (no doubt) to give up her hobby of Cabinet making and her party games and to present a united front to the menace of aggression. Such divergence of view is neither clarifying nor helpful.



DISMISSED: Baron Franckenstein, who has for 18 years been Austrian Minister in London and, during that time, has won a unique position in London life, has not been recalled in the usual diplomatic manner and has been abruptly told by Austria's new masters to vacate the premises he occupies. This picture of him wearing the dress of the Metternich period was taken at a Legation costume ball

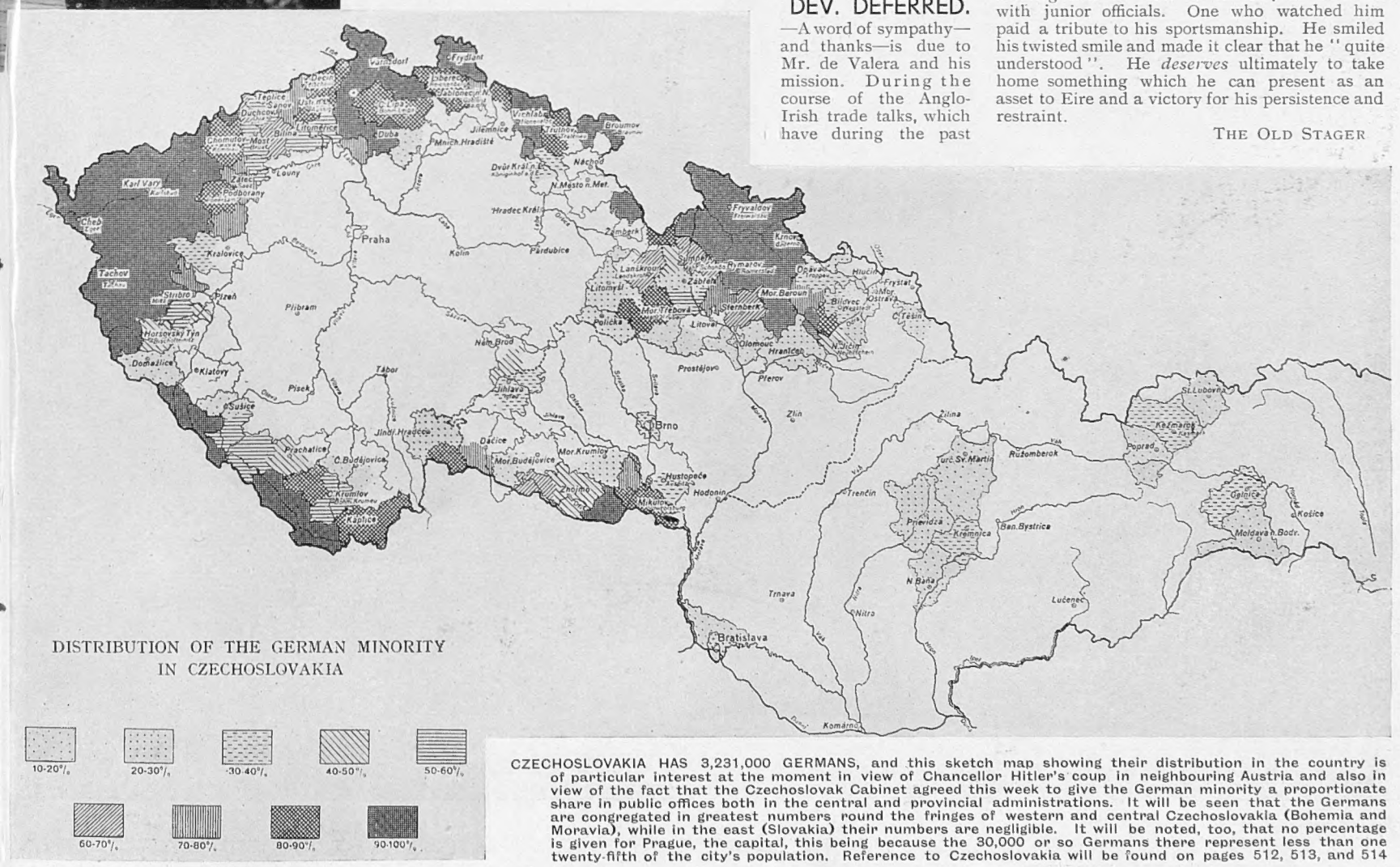
PRAY SILENCE.—What then do we ask of the Government? Not, heaven knows, a clear declaration of the issues on which we are prepared to fight. Only the other day Mr. Chamberlain made a vague jingo reference in his great defence speech and none wished him to be more precise, since all hold war in abhorrence, many would condemn it even as a last resort to protect our own territories, and none can foretell the strength of any enemy we might be called on to resist or to meet with force. Not that . . . but that, until we can attain a common policy of co-operation with other nations of our way of thinking, and common agreement on the limits of aggression and treaty-breaking we will suffer, and until we have behind that agreement sufficient collective force to back our ultimatums or protests, we should suffer in silence and not increase the burden of national humiliation by protests as absurd as ours to Germany or proposals so humiliatingly futile as those of France to Italy. Let us accept it that the old diplomatic conventions were broad based on the ultimate sanction of force and that protests, formulae, and phrase making are as antiquated to-day as they are futile and humiliating, when opposed to the mailed fist. We ask our Government at long last to clear their minds of cant as regards events past and to come. In particular, as regards Austria, was it after all the *manner* and not the matter of the achieved Anschluss to which we objected? It was bloodless, and we cannot be certain that it wasn't even then favoured by a majority of Austrians as at least preferable to existing conditions and as ultimately inevitable. To a tragic minority we know it was worse than death. And if indeed it was not so much aggression as breach of faith or slickness to which we objected, how unconceivably hasty, how careless the phraseology, of that futile protest. We have indeed reached a stage when muddle and wobble must be eradicated from our European policy and when we must build up that League of Sane Nations pledged to a new covenant.

A LOVELY MEMORY.—Immediately after a tense half hour of news bulletin during one of last week's crisis days, I enjoyed an experience which will remain a beautiful memory for years. All the genius of the B.B.C. news-potters had been expended in presenting with force a true picture of that monstrous and juggernaut, that utterly efficient and ruthless machine, the German military dictatorship, mincing up Austrian independence and producing a finished Nazi sausage. One could almost hear the guttural words of command, the brutal orders of Göring's lieutenants, the burning vitriol of Goebbels' inspiration; the galley-slaves straining at the oars which drove the invincible, efficient ship . . . the nation conscripted to the last-born baby. And then suddenly calm after storm . . . the voice of cultured Oxford, the still, small, politely explicatory, voice of Sir Samuel Hoare, that model of dignity, neatness, gentleness, and culture . . . He spoke on Air Raid Precautions. "Would any gentleman or lady in the audience lend a hand?" "I hope, gentlemen, I am not boring you, but if some unpleasantness *should* arise at the cross-roads, would it be too much to ask some of you to lend a hand? . . . You will? Gentlemen, *ladies* and gentlemen, your most obliged, obedient servant." Yes, it is a charming memory. One can forgive much when our ministers roar you as gently as a sucking dove, and one is not surprised to hear that his appeal had instant and encouraging response. One can forget that the Home Secretary appeared to be entirely ignorant that many of those local authorities on whose "prepared air raid schemes" he perfectly relied, are still in the preliminary stage of squabbling among senile sub-committee-men about the first beginnings of their functions; that many have not yet seen a book of the rules . . . that, too, is so British. We have muddled through before by these methods; often we have come out alive and on top after meeting crises with the Oxford manner and answering the roar of lions with the still, small voice of culture. There are many ways of dying for liberty, and I daresay that our way is not the worst. At least our incomprehensible Oxford manner is gall and wormwood to Dictator-States. It makes them foam at the mouth, some of them in envy, all of them in a fury of mystification. All must die; and it is really preferable to do it in the Oxford manner and in the name of liberty than chained to a sweeper in the galleys.

THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR AT CAXTON HALL: Mr. Joseph Kennedy with his wife and eldest daughter as they left the Register Office after attending the marriage of Commander William Keen Harrill, Naval Air Attaché of the American Embassy, and Miss Elizabeth S. Howenstein

DEV. DEFERRED.—A word of sympathy—and thanks—is due to Mr. de Valera and his mission. During the course of the Anglo-Irish trade talks, which have during the past weeks kept the men of Eire to-ing and fro-ing across the Irish Channel, no fewer than two major and two minor crises burst over London and absorbed the minds of the British Cabinet to the exclusion of all else, even of so important and desired an object as that which brought Dev. and his Ministers to London. Twice at least when he was advancing to the centre of the stage and the spotlight, "alarums without" entirely diverted the attention of audience and stars from his business to more pressing matters. Once at least the meeting of Ministers was actually assembling when, with a hurried word of regret, Ministers hurried away to a Cabinet meeting and left him in the air, or stranded with junior officials. One who watched him paid a tribute to his sportsmanship. He smiled his twisted smile and made it clear that he "quite understood". He *deserves* ultimately to take home something which he can present as an asset to Eire and a victory for his persistence and restraint.

THE OLD STAGER



DISTRIBUTION OF THE GERMAN MINORITY IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

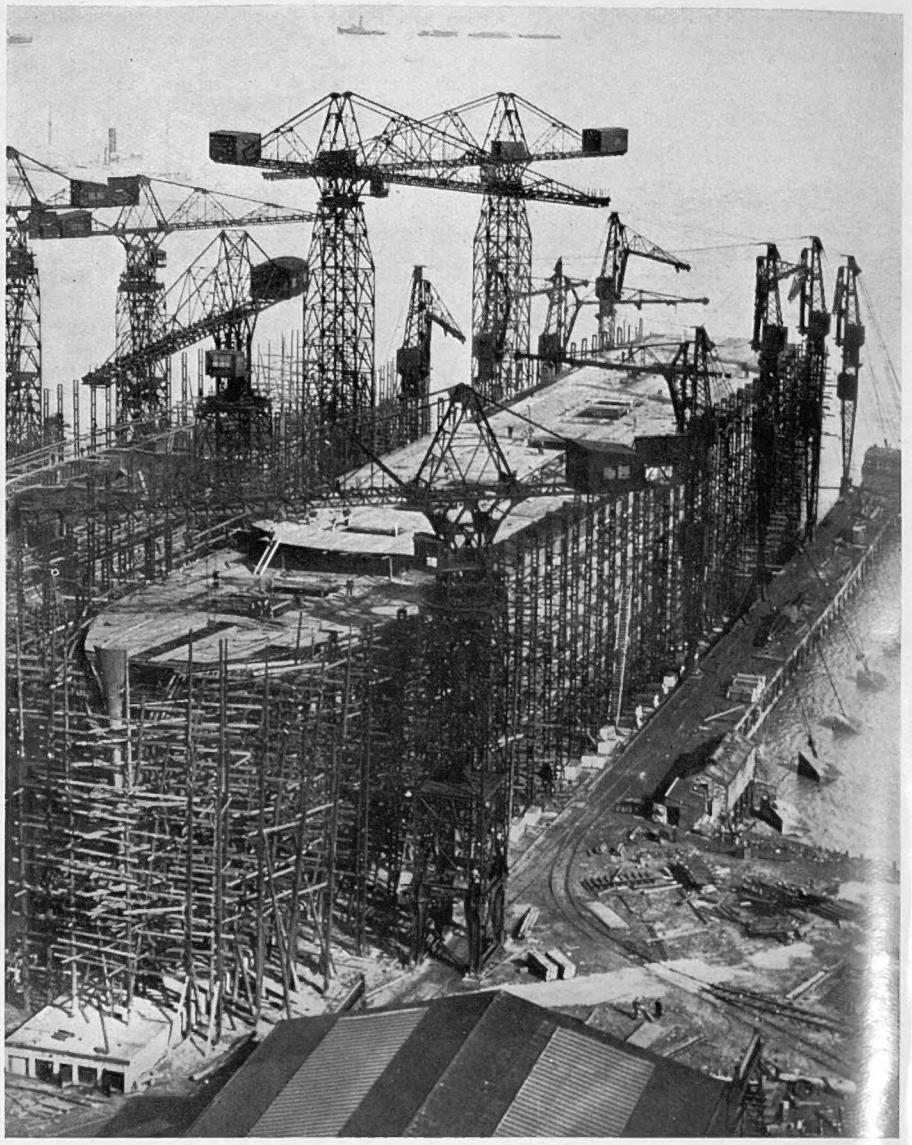
10-20% 20-30% 30-40% 40-50% 50-60% 60-70% 70-80% 80-90% 90-100%

CZECHOSLOVAKIA HAS 3,231,000 GERMANS, and this sketch map showing their distribution in the country is of particular interest at the moment in view of Chancellor Hitler's coup in neighbouring Austria and also in view of the fact that the Czechoslovak Cabinet agreed this week to give the German minority a proportionate share in public offices both in the central and provincial administrations. It will be seen that the Germans are congregated in greatest numbers round the fringes of western and central Czechoslovakia (Bohemia and Moravia), while in the east (Slovakia) their numbers are negligible. It will be noted, too, that no percentage is given for Prague, the capital, this being because the 30,000 or so Germans there represent less than one twenty-fifth of the city's population. Reference to Czechoslovakia will be found on pages 512, 513, and 514

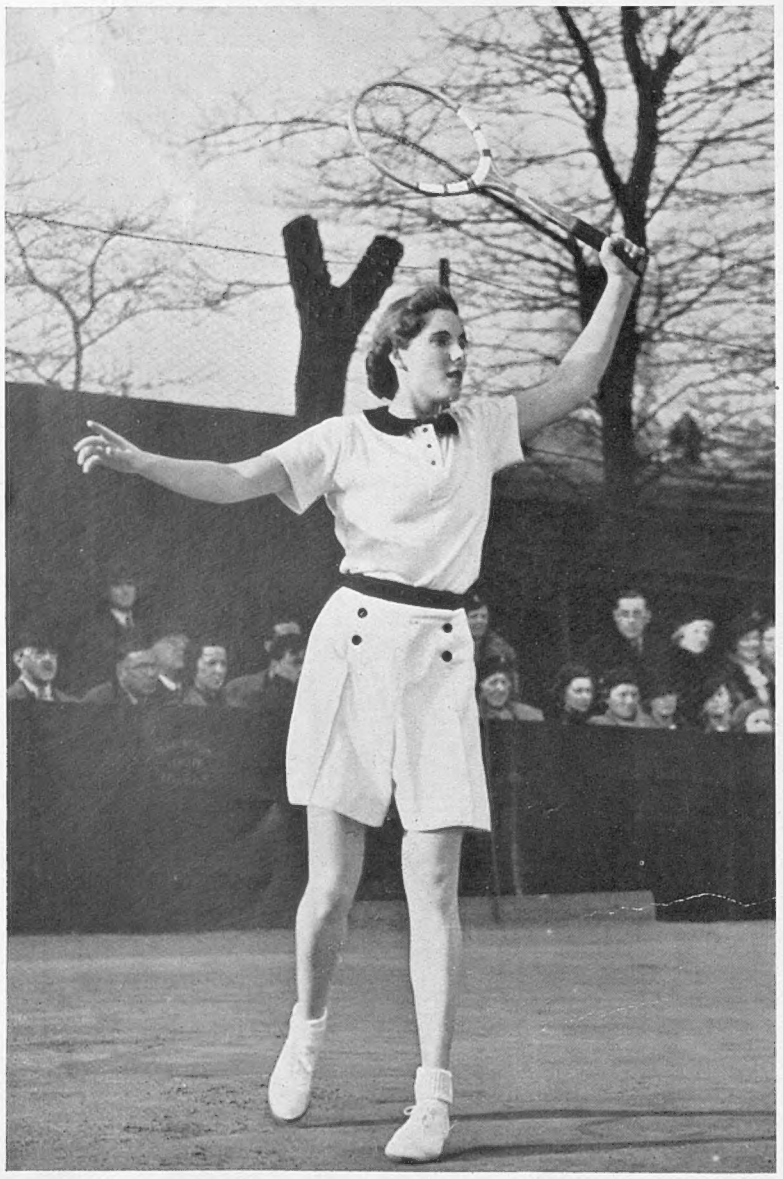
AT HOME:

Flat Racing Begins at Lincoln : The Royal Visit to London Housing Estates : The Princesses at the Science Museum

THE START OF THE FLAT: The French-trained grey gelding, Grain de Beauté, (P. Beasley up) entering the unsaddling enclosure at Lincoln after winning the Trial Selling Plate, the first race of the new season, and putting backers on good terms with themselves by landing odds of 11 to 10 on. The French have been carrying off a great many English turf prizes of recent years

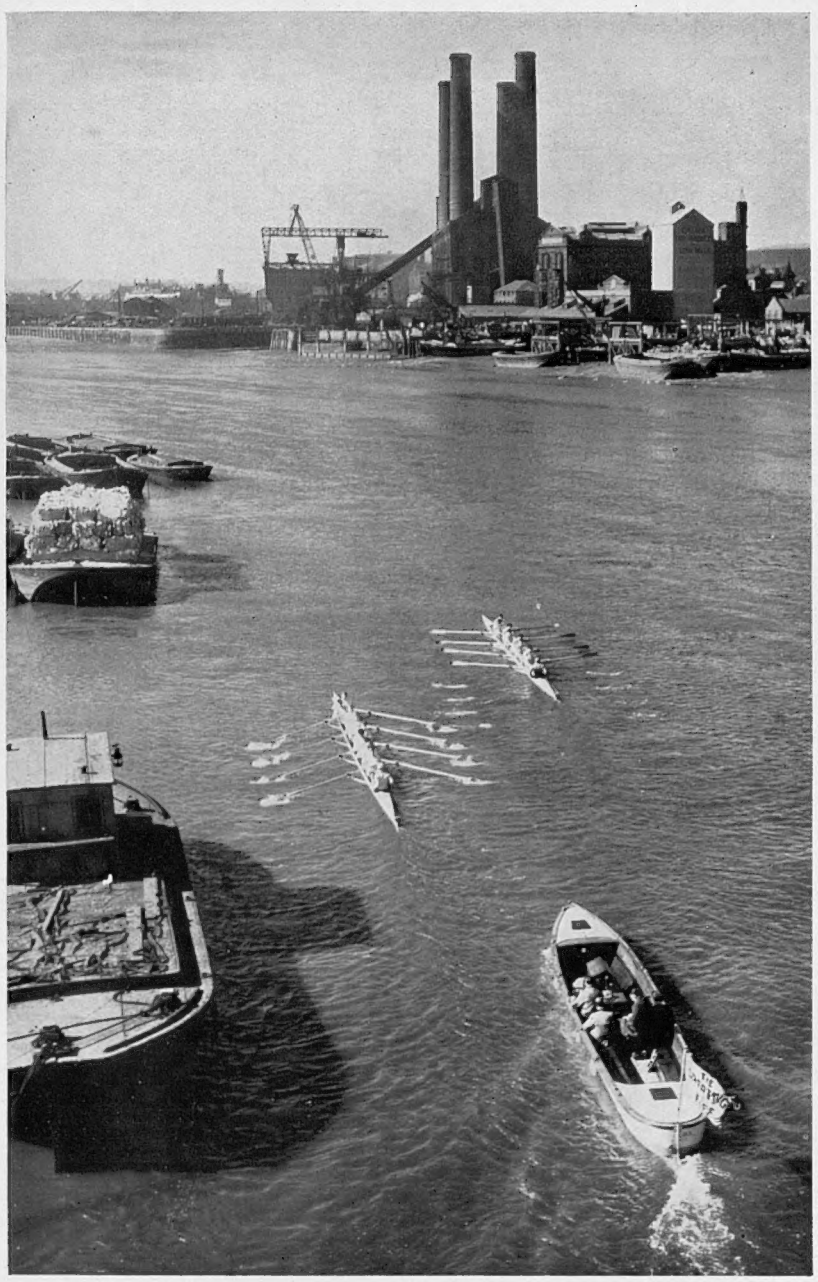


THE "MAURETANIA" TAKES SHAPE: An aerial view of the new 33,000-ton Cunard White St[ar] liner, to be named after the greatest of all Atlantic record breakers, under construct[ion] at Cammell Laird's Birkenhead yard, from which she will be launched into the Mersey t[his] summer, thereafter being fitted out in time to make her maiden voyage next spri[ng]. She will use Tilbury as a terminal port and will be the largest liner visiting the Tham[es]



OPENING OF THE SPRING LAWN TENNIS SEASON: Popular Miss Kay Stammers in play against Miss J. W. K. Stork, whom she beat 6-4, 6-4 in the second round of the Ladies Singles on the first day of the Herga Club's Tournament at Harrow. Miss Stammers is nearly always among the first in the field each year

THE QUEEN IN SOUTH LONDON: Her Majesty in conversation with Mrs. A. Bennett and her son at McManus House, Plough Road, during the Royal tour last week of housing estates in Lambeth and Battersea. Mrs. Bennett, who was engaged in ironing the weekly washing when the Queen arrived, said she paid 12s. 4d. a week for her four-roomed flat



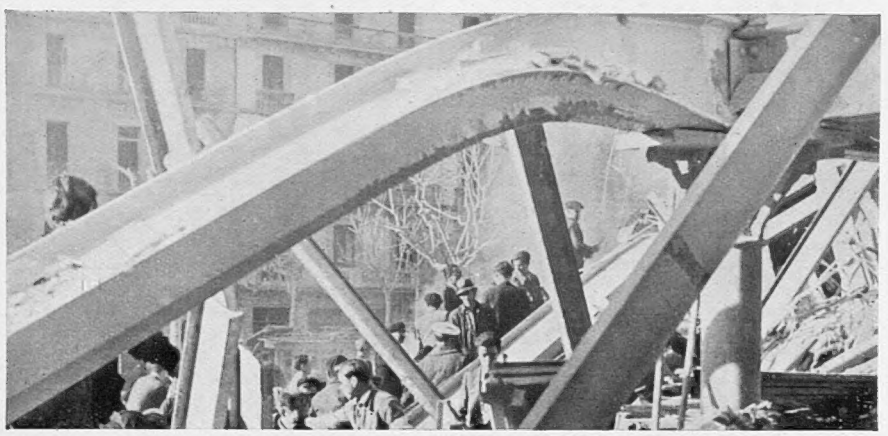
THE LIGHT BLUES ON THE TIDEWAY: The Cambridge crew (right) being paced by another eight during a practise row between Battersea and Putney in preparation for the boat race to be rowed next Saturday. Both Oxford and Cambridge have shown vastly improved form during the past ten days, and both have demonstrated that they are fast and can get quickly into their stride

BARCELONA: Before and After the "Rain of Terror" from Franco's Bombers, which Laid Waste the City

BEFORE THE DELUGE: Barcelona's spacious, tree-lined Calle de Cortes as it appeared prior to the devastating succession of air raids which General Franco launched against the city last week, causing a death roll of over 800, injury to 2,200 others, and laying waste large areas. The building with the twin towers is the largest cinema in Barcelona

AFTER THE AIR RAIDS: The scene of desolation in the Calle de Cortes after the visitations of Franco's bombers. The great cinema shown in the picture at the top was badly damaged, blocks of flats were razed to the ground, and many of the trees were swept away. Buildings were still burning when this picture was taken

QUEEN MARY TAKES HER GRANDCHILDREN TO THE SCIENCE MUSEUM: Her Majesty with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose on their visit to South Kensington where they spent an afternoon viewing the exhibits. Queen Mary takes a keen practical interest in the education of the Princesses



AMID THE DEBRIS: A mighty steel girder bent to the ground after the Barcelona building it had helped to sustain had received a direct hit from an insurgent bomb and had come tumbling to the ground in ruins

AMID THE SMOKING SHAMBLES OF THE CATALAN CAPITAL: *Left*—A Red Cross flag attached to a traffic signal post to indicate where casualties should be taken after rescue from the debris of bombed buildings. *Right*—All that remained of a trolley bus, every occupant of which was killed, evidently having no time to make for shelter

A HECTIC WEEK IN GREATER

Mafficking in Berlin On Hitler's Return From Vienna—The

NOW THEY ARE SOLDIERS OF THE REICH: The people of Berlin accorded an enthusiastic reception to the 1st Battalion of the 15th Vienna Infantry Regiment when the men paraded through the city on Monday, March 21. With this ceremony the seal was finally set upon the incorporation of the former Austrian army into the German fighting forces

WAITING FOR THE FUHRER: The scene outside the swastika-bedecked Opera H[ou]s[e] as police and storm troops guarded the approaches in anticipation o[f] th[e] arrival of Chancellor Hitler to address the Reichstag on the subject o[f] hi[s] invasion and occupation of Austria. In an impassioned speech, lasting t[hir]ty-

ONE OF MANY AUSTRIAN SUICIDES: Herr Odo Neustadter-Sturmer, former Minister of Public Security under Dr. Dollfuss, who played a dramatic part during the abortive Nazi putsch in 1934, took his own life while held in "protective custody"

"HITLER UBER ALLES": Garlanded portraits of the Führer are now to be seen in shop windows in every town and city of Austria, evidencing adhesion to the new regime. This one was in the Adolf Hitler Platz, (formerly the Dollfuss Platz)

HITLER'S RETURN IN TRIUMPH: This was the astonishing scene that met the eye in the Wilhelmplatz on March 16, when jubilant Berliners turned out to greet the Führer on his return from Austria. On the Chancellor's arrival by plane at the Templehof aerodrome, Field-Marshal Göring, who had been acting as

THE NAZIFICATION OF VIENNA PROCEEDS APACE: Shopkeepers lining up outside the Chancellery to obtain permits from the Nazi administration to continue in trade. It is no use for a Jew to apply, as "evidence of Aryan ancestry" has to be furnished before permits are granted. Even those with a modicum of Jewish blood are excluded and, in addition, they will not be allowed to record their votes in the forthcoming plebiscite

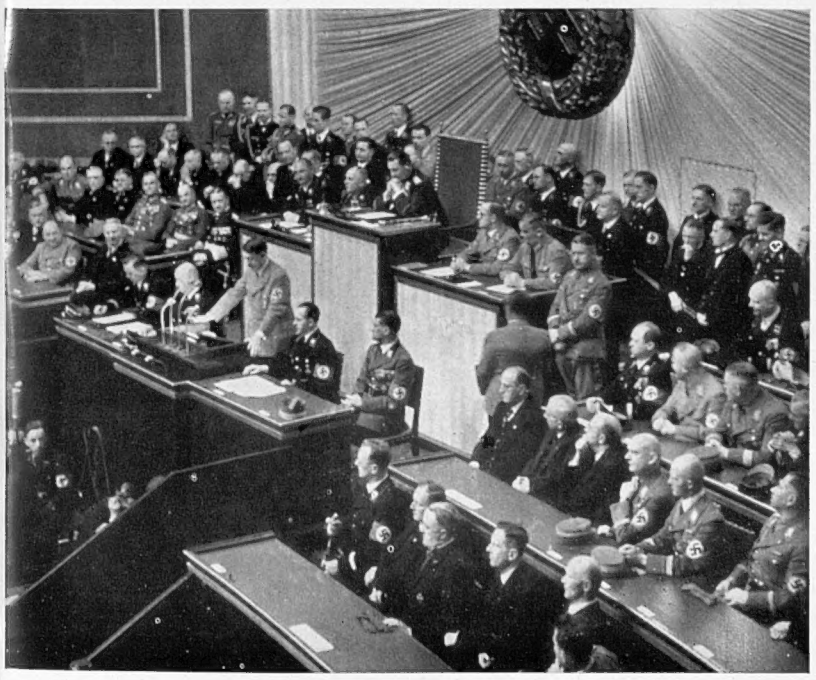
THE MEETING OF THE REICHSTAG: Chancellor Hitler and his colleagues with their arms raised in the Nazi salute before he began his 37 minute speech in which he defended his action in Austria in the most vigorous terms, and announced that the German people, as well as the Austrians, would be given an opportunity of approving the annexation in the plebiscite to be held on April 10

GERMANY AND POLAND

Meeting of the Reichstag—Marshal Smigly-Rydz Goes to Vilna

seven minutes, he declared that only his action had prevented bloodshed in Vienna, and only his decision had spared the lives of Dr. Schuschnigg and 10,000 others—"lives which, owing to their guilt in the death of innumerable Austrian martyrs of the movement, they no longer deserve, but which the State now presents to them"

Chancellor in Hitler's absence, mounted a platform and said, "I greet you to-day in the name of the German people in the Reich capital, in the name of the Reich Government, in the name of the Armed Forces. Words cannot express, my Leader, what every one of us feels to-day. With your heart you brought us your homeland"



AUSTRIAN LEADERS ATTEND THE REICHSTAG SESSION: The figures in the foreground of this picture taken at last week's meeting are those of Dr. von Seyss-Inquart, Statthalter of Austria, and his Ministerial colleagues from Vienna, whom *The Times* correspondent described as "five diffident individuals who looked as though they had found the dynamic of Nazi events over-powering"

THE POLISH-LITHUANIAN DISPUTE: Marshal Smigly-Rydz, Inspector-General of the Forces and one of Poland's three dominating political figures, addressing the great crowd which assembled in Vilna on March 17 after Poland had sent her ultimatum to Lithuania, ordering her to open diplomatic relations with Warsaw immediately and thus bring to an end the dispute between the two countries that has raged ever since Poland seized the Vilna district in 1920. Lithuania, realising that the terms were far from humiliating, accepted Poland's terms unconditionally before the time-limit of the ultimatum expired

"MARSHAL LEAD US TO KOVNO" ran the inscription on this banner, one of many carried by cheering crowds through Warsaw after Poland had sent her ultimatum to Lithuania

ACCLAIMING MARSHAL SMIGLY-RYDZ: A glimpse of the great crowd that gathered in the main square of Vilna to cheer the Inspector-General of the Forces who had arrived to supervise the military preparations for the advance into Lithuania which would have been carried out if the Polish terms had not been accepted. The enthusiasm was all the greater in view of the fact that this was what is known as the Marshal's name day

A FRONTIER IN DISPUTE: *Above*—A car passing along the rarely used and much overgrown road from Kaunas, Lithuania, to Vilna, Poland, and (*right*) only a few sleepers remaining to show that this was once the Kaunas-Vilna railway. Two pictures that reveal how during the past 17 or 18 years direct communication between the two cities has been virtually cut off, Lithuania having refused to have any relations with Poland on account of the latter's seizure of the Vilna area. Last week, however, matters came to a head when Poland delivered an ultimatum demanding that Lithuania should send a minister to Warsaw, or, in other words, bring the long-standing dispute to an amicable end. Lithuania accepted the terms, and now, it seems, the "dead" frontier will come to life again

HOW POLAND WAS REBORN:

Her Recent Actions Bring to Mind an Historic Chapter

THE recent dispute between Poland and Lithuania has drawn attention to a country about which the ideas of most of us are somewhat vague. We know that an ancient kingdom of Poland existed; that it was engulfed at the end of the eighteenth century; and that a new Poland came into being as a result of the last war. But how the latter phenomenon happened has been forgotten by most English people.

The rebirth of Poland was one of the least foreseen fruits of the war. In the early days, at any rate, few people seem to have taken it into their calculations. It formed no part in the programme of any of the Powers, and even the Poles themselves, in the great majority, were scarcely conscious of the direction in which fate was carrying them. The loss of their independence which followed the last partitioning in 1795 had come almost to be accepted as irrevocable, and it was only a small band of patriots and revolutionaries who saw in the world conflict the opportunity for Poland to throw off the foreign yoke.

The leader of this band and the man responsible almost entirely for what followed was Joseph Pilsudski. Pilsudski's aim was perfectly clear and his plans for achieving it were always consistent. To recover her independence Poland had to overcome three enemies: Russia, Austria, and Germany. These were the three big neighbours who had carved her up in a series of "partitions", and each of them must be forced to disgorge some territory if all Poles were to be reunited.

Of the three, Pilsudski rightly regarded Russia as the arch foe. It was Russia who had taken the greatest share from the partitioning; Russia who had shown most ruthlessness in suppressing Polish nationalism; a Russian governor who ruled at Warsaw, traditional capital of the old kingdom. So when in August 1914 Austria declared war on Russia, nothing was more natural than that Pilsudski and his band of patriots should place themselves at the disposal of the Austrian High Command. The invasion of the Russian frontier and the capture of Kielce by 4,000 Polish legionaries on August 6, 1914, was a gain for Austria, but, far more important, it was the first blow struck for Polish independence.

With the retreat of the Russian army eastwards in 1915 Pilsudski saw only his first objective attained. Russia, the hated interloper, was thrust out of Poland, but the victorious armies of Germany and Austria were installed there in her stead. Neither country cared twopence about Polish independence, although the old Emperor Franz Josef had formerly made a tentative offer to reinstate the Polish kingdom with himself as monarch. This proposal, however, was scotched by Hungary, who saw in it a diminishment of her own influence. It was necessary, therefore, to bring pressure upon the Central Powers. The Polish Legion found a way by refusing to continue fighting. In face of this threat, Germany and Austria, on November 5, 1916, both recognised the independence of Poland. A few months later, on March 27, 1917, Russia did the same.

Recognition of her independence by the three Powers who formerly ruled over her by no means solved the problem of Poland's future. There remained the question of her frontiers. Were they to be drawn on the old boundaries existing prior to the partitions? If not, where? And how were the other countries to be induced to accept their new limits? A large part of Polish territory was still occupied by their troops.

From the day that her independence was recognised, it took Poland seven years to reach her desired end. Cessation of war and the peace that followed brought only a partial settlement. By the Treaty of Versailles Poland's western frontier was laid down, although not in conclusive fashion, and her eastern boundary was left in abeyance. The reason for this was that the future of Russia was still uncertain; everybody hoped the Bolsheviks would yet be beaten.

The question of the eastern frontier was settled by arms. At the time of the armistice the Poles were still fighting in the Ukraine, which they hoped to detach from Russia and establish as an independent buffer State. To prevent this the Red army advanced as far as Vilna, but Pilsudski was able to recapture the town, and throughout 1919 he held the Russians in check.

By the summer of 1920 the Russians were again advancing and threatened Warsaw. On August 15, however, by dint of a desperate effort and with the help of General Weygand, head of the French military mission, the Poles inflicted a decisive defeat on the Red army and drove it right back. The "Miracle of the Vistula," as this battle was called, brought the fighting to an end, as both sides were thoroughly exhausted. At the Peace of Riga, signed on March 18, 1921, the present frontier between the two countries was agreed on and Poland received another 110,000 sq. kilometres with a population of 4,000,000 inhabitants. This settlement, however, was not recognised by the Allies until two years later, while the part of it referring to Vilna, which the Poles were allowed to keep, caused the rupture of relations with Lithuania. The rupture continued until the Polish ultimatum of last week forced the Lithuanians at long last to accept the *fait accompli*.

G. M.

IT LOOKED LIKE WAR: Polish artillery watched by large crowds as they lumbered through the cobbled streets of Vilna last Saturday after Poland had delivered her ultimatum to Lithuania, and the answer was being anxiously awaited

LITHUANIA BOWS TO POLAND:

The Acceptance of the Ultimatum Creates an Interesting Situation

LAST week-end Europe held its breath and wondered whether war was about to be let loose as a result of the Polish ultimatum to Lithuania. But there was no war. Lithuania gave way. Peace has been maintained.

The immediate excuse was the shooting of a Polish soldier on the frontier. The occasion for action was provided by Germany's coup in Austria. Europe stood by and did nothing to stop Hitler. The Poles, therefore, felt that they could move as regards Lithuania, without any Great Power stopping them. But the actual question at issue between the two countries—the dispute which really brought about the ultimatum—goes back some eighteen years. That Poland took action now, and not some years ago, was purely a matter of the propitious moment.

Eighteen years ago Poland took Vilna from Lithuania. At the end of the Russo-Polish war, the retreating Russians gave Vilna, the ancient Lithuanian capital, to the Lithuanians. Official Poland did not dispute this. But the Polish General Zeligowski, with troops disguised as freebooters, seized Vilna for Poland.

The population of Vilna itself is approximately 70 per cent. Jewish. Its outskirts are 90 per cent. White Russian. Neither Poland nor Lithuania can make any strictly ethnological claim to it. But the Lithuanians point out that it is their ancient capital, while the Poles remind the world that it is the birthplace of the late Marshal Pilsudski, the creator of modern Poland.

As a result of the Vilna coup, all relations between Poland and Lithuania were cut off by the Lithuanians. For eighteen years the frontier was "dead." No telephones, no telegraphs, practically no transport, no diplomatic or consular services. Diplomatic relations, indeed, were completely broken. The Poles have felt for years that this was intolerable. Now, when a frontier incident provided the excuse and an abnormal European situation provided the ways and means, Poland has seized the opportunity to compel Lithuania to restore normal relations. The Polish ultimatum asked for no more and no less. The frontier incident was not even mentioned. Poland has got what she wanted at long last. Now that she has obtained the restoration of normal relations, by means of a threat of force, Poland will be very friendly towards Lithuania. In a purely practical sense, both countries should benefit from the restoration of normal relations.

From the general European point of view, a new situation has been created, which has interesting potentialities. The Polish move had at least the passive acquiescence of Germany. It was something of a diplomatic defeat for Russia. Russia had always hinted she would back Lithuania. Actually M. Litvinov, the Russian Commissar for Foreign Affairs, acted on the principle that while speech is silver, silence is golden. Russia did nothing.

Colonel Beck, Poland's Foreign Minister, sees in the new situation a chance to lay the foundations of his long cherished scheme of a *bloc* of neutral States, in North Eastern Europe, under Polish leadership. For the essence of Polish policy is to prevent Polish soil from being made the battle ground in a Russo-German war. Hence his anxiety to see a chain of neutral States in Baltic Europe—Poland, Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, and possibly Finland—acting as a buffer between Berlin and Moscow. He has also dreamed of extending such a *bloc* to include Central and South Eastern Europe. Hence the friendly relations between Warsaw and Budapest, and between Warsaw and Bucharest. But the arrival of the Third German Reich in Vienna has prevented the realisation of this part of the plan.

C. F. M.

ACQUIESCENCE OR FLIGHT?

A Problem that Each Individual Austrian Had to Settle Rapidly when the Nazi Coup Took Place

ABSORPTION: Herr Glaise-Horstenau (in mufti), leading Austrian Nazi, talking with General Schobert (third from left), a German commander, before introducing to him General Haselmayr and other officers of the Austrian army which has now been completely absorbed by the German forces. The Austrians have been required to take a new oath

PLEDGING THEMSELVES TO THE NEW REGIME: Officers of the Tyrol Jaeger Regiment, one of the crack units of the former Austrian army, taking the oath of allegiance to Chancellor Hitler at a parade held in Innsbruck last week. The Austrian regulars, having acquiesced in all that has happened, are now incorporated as members of the German army

AUSTRIAN STORM TROOPERS, hastily equipped with steel helmets and great-coats, made a bold show as they marched through the Heldenplatz at the big parade held in Vienna during Chancellor Hitler's first visit since the union. Beneath their greatcoats some of them were wearing mufti

THE PLIGHT OF THE JEWS: A long queue outside the Polish Embassy in Vienna, where they waited for many hours to obtain visas for their passports following the German invasion when anti-semitism immediately manifested itself. The Jews, of whom there are about 200,000 in Vienna alone, have already been excluded from voting in the forthcoming plebiscite, and all through last week fresh announcements were broadcast regarding the restrictions to be placed on their activities. Their only hope was in flight, but even in this hosts of them were thwarted

SAFE IN HUNGARY: Eva and Rudi, the children of the late Dr. Dollfuss, walking with their nurse in Budapest following their flight with their mother from Austria on the eve of the Nazi invasion. They journeyed via Czechoslovakia

FRATERNISING: Men of the German air force and of the Austrian infantry walking together down the main street of a Tyrolean town on the morning following the German invasion of Austria. The German troops, it is believed, are to garrison the new province for a long while to come, while the Austrian troops, all of whom have sworn allegiance to Herr Hitler, will be sent to serve at various points in the Reich remote from their home, thus becoming "diluted" with Saxons, Prussians, and Bavarians

TAKING THE OATH TO THEIR NEW LEADER: Troops of the Tyrol Jaeger Regiment, crack unit of the Austrian army, giving the salute when declaring their allegiance to the Führer at a big parade in the re-named Adolf Hitler Platz in Innsbruck. Innsbruck, the capital of Austrian Tyrol, is now strongly garrisoned by Bavarian infantry. The Bavarians speak much the same dialect as Tyroleans

ON WINGED FEET: Alpine police recruits setting out on skis from their barracks surrounding country. Now that Germany has annexed Austria, there is plenty of wo of the greater Reich now abut on Italy, Yugoslavia, and Hungary, and a force

TYROL and the BRENNER PASS

Where Greater Germany Comes Face to Face With Italy

WAVING A WELCOME: Typical peasants of Tyrol, whose region now directly and hazardously links up the Rome-Berlin axis, greeting the Nazi invasion. From the business standpoint Tyroleans have always realised the advantage of economic union with Germany

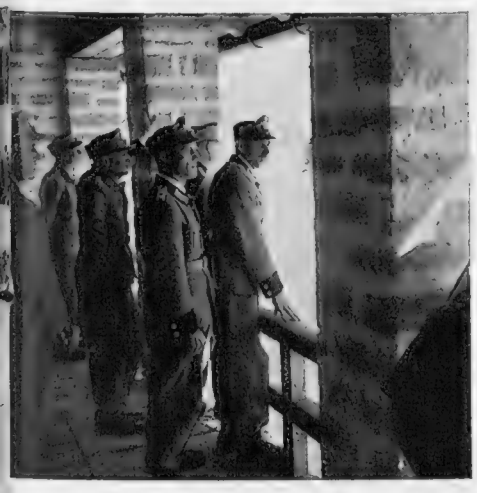
GATEWAY TO THE SOUTH: The frontier monument at the Brenner Pass, (4,500 ft. high), where Greater Germany now comes face to face with Italy. The pass was used by the Romans; to-day there is both road and railway

GERMANY'S SKI-ING POLICE

A Camera Visit to Their Training School on the Bavarian Border

indelang, bavaria, for a day's training in the rwaiting these men, as the southern boundaries cis type is ideally suited for Customs patrol

On right—AMID MOUNTAIN SOLITUDES: The new stone-built barracks at Hindelang, Bavaria, where Germany instructs her Alpine police in mountain lore and to carry out drill on skis. On finishing their training they are employed on the mountain frontiers of the Reich

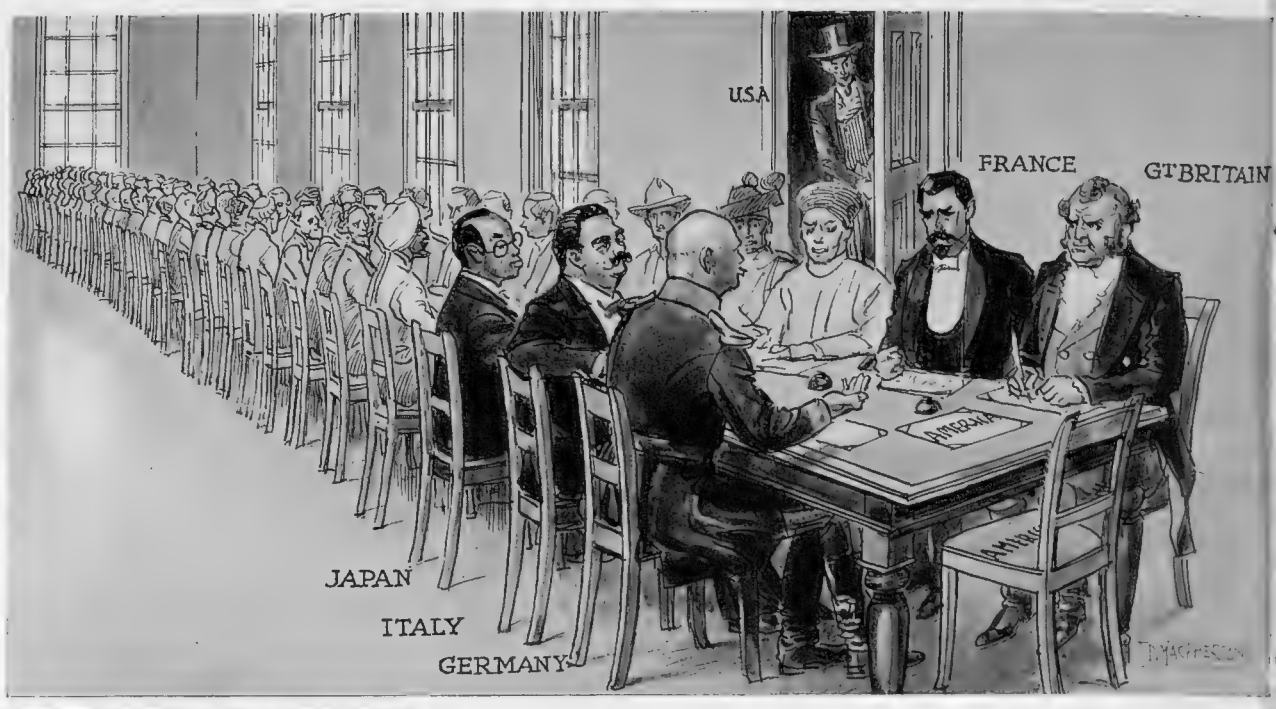


FROM THEIR VERANDA the Alpine police recruits look out in winter on a glorious vista of snow-clad mountains and forest. *On left*—Practising sharp-shooting in the snow with their skis laid aside. A typical phase of everyday training at Hindelang

MARKSMANSHIP WITH A DIFFERENCE: An Alpine policeman demonstrating the ideal firing position for the skier. He places his legs so that the skis lie flat, resting comfortably in the snow, and he ingeniously crosses his guide sticks in order to form a rest for his rifle. In this way considerably enhanced accuracy of aim is ensured

THE LEAGUE AND THE WORLD

A FATEFUL MEETING: Mr. I. J. P. Thomas (right), then Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Eden, pictured during an interval in the proceedings at the 100th session of the League Council, opened on January 26 last, at which the question of the reform of the Covenant came up for consideration



THEN JAPAN, ITALY, AND GERMANY ALL BELONGED: A drawing specially made for "The Sphere" showing the strength of the League in its early, hopeful days, when the three Powers now allied on the Tokyo-Rome-Berlin anti-comintern axis were content to take part in the deliberations. As the years have gone by each has dropped out in defiant mood, leaving Britain and France in splendid isolation near the head of the table. America's rightful place then, as now, was empty

LORD CECIL and THE LEAGUE

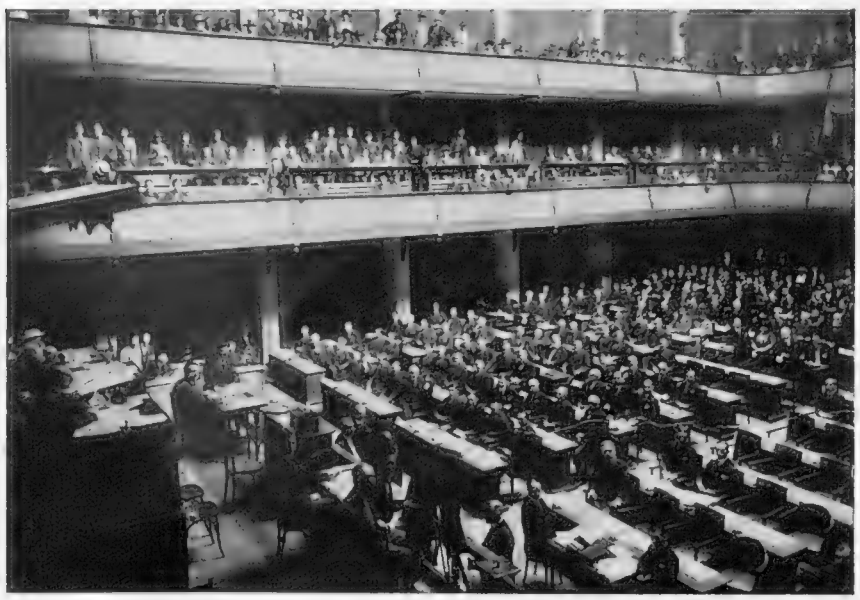
This is an extract from Lord Cecil's address to the London Rotary Club on February 23 :—

"The Prime Minister has told us that the League system has proved a failure and he has recommended the abandonment of the coercive side of the League. In China, in Abyssinia, and also in Spain (though Spain's horrible war is not a case with which the League can deal) every attempt has been made to secure peace by discussion and these attempts have failed completely. On the other hand there are numerous instances in which the League has given peremptory directions to the parties to a dispute that they must come to terms, and in almost every case this method has proved successful, though admittedly these were cases in which smaller States were concerned. I would ask you to consider yourselves as responsible citizens of a country which, if not the greatest country in the world, is certainly not less great than any other. Is it right for us to say of the League Covenant, 'Here is a treaty into which we have entered. There are provisions in it we do not like: we are not going to be bound by them any more'?"

ORGANISATION at GENEVA

The Council of the League meets three times a year. Great Britain, France, and U.S.S.R. are permanent members, and at present twelve other States are annually elected as temporary members. These are Poland, Rumania, Ecuador, Spain, Denmark, Argentina, Australia, Portugal, Chile, Turkey and China and Latvia.

HE BROUGHT AN IDEAL TO EUROPE: President Wilson, through whose energy the League came into being but who failed to persuade the people of his country of the rightness of his beliefs, the Republicans resisting him strongly



A MEETING OF THE ASSEMBLY IN THE EARLY DAYS: A picture taken at Geneva in September, 1921, at a time when high hopes were entertained that the League would be the means of preserving world peace. Representing Britain was Earl Balfour and the Chinese representative was then, as now, the accomplished Dr. Wellington Koo

THE BIRTH and VICISSITUDES of the LEAGUE

By James Wade

MORE than a century ago Canning "called in the New World to redress the balance of the Old." But the New World declined his blandishments, and allowed its own inclinations to be expressed by the Monroe Doctrine, which warned the Old World against intruding upon the Americas. Even the Monroe Doctrine was suspected south of the U.S.A.

But the outbreak of war in 1914 changed all that. The Americas found themselves tied to Europe by the golden cords of their own trade. Some of them, too, were righteously fired by the ideal of extending to the whole world the American principles of peace, prosperity, and fair dealing. In one mind this large benevolence was moulded into a practical plan. The Monroe Doctrine should be converted into a universal principle, so that each nation would be free, respected, and secure. The author of this plan was Woodrow Wilson.

But Wilson's name will always be pre-eminently associated with the Covenant of the League of Nations for a number of reasons. First, he had really summoned the New World to redress the balance of the Old. Behind him, it was believed, stood the whole moral and material might of the U.S.A. Secondly, in the Fourteen Points he had interpreted the highest wishes of tortured humanity; and, thirdly, he had insisted upon the Covenant being a part of the Treaty of Peace.

So the wheel had turned full circle, and the Americas, who had shaken the dust of Europe from their feet, were back again to rehabilitate their penitent and exhausted ancestors. Wilson was received in Europe like a Messiah.

Triumph was short lived. The League was crippled before it was officially constituted, owing to the repudiation of Wilson by the Senate of the U.S.A. The results of this disavowal have been incalculable. In the public mind it appeared as if the Americans had betrayed for selfish national interests the whole conception of international idealism which they themselves had imposed upon the other nations. The U.S.A. were naturally regarded as the guarantors of the League system, strong enough to ensure that its conditions would be observed. Without them there was no certainty of good faith. No other Power combined the necessary attributes of strength and detachment to the same degree. As it was, the defection of the U.S.A. showed that the League was ultimately dependent upon the Great Powers who, even while sitting in session, would be compelled to be watchful of their own interests.

THE LEAGUE'S FIRST HOME: the shores of Lake Geneva, transferred from its tem November 1, 1920. The of 5,500,000 francs and was

From the first the re actions were marked. French scepticism of the League's value has been constant. When the U.S.A., followed by the United Kingdom, declined to guarantee French territory from attack, France set about surrounding Germany with a network of military alliances, and was able largely to dominate the League by her military preponderance in Europe. Great Britain disliked this anti-German policy, and distrusted those articles of the Covenant which might implicate her unwillingly in Continental quarrels.

THE WORLD PARLIAMENT: A new picture of the

POWERS: A Review of the Situation To-day

Drawings by D. Macpherson

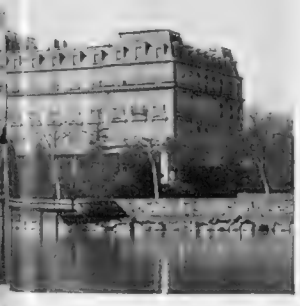
THE LEAGUE IN 1938: Britain, France, and Russia head the table. Japan, Italy, and Germany have all gone, each angered by the restraining influence of the other nations, while far down the line Austria's representative rises to leave, acting on the orders of Germany given in the middle of last month before the coup that made Austria just another province of the Reich. What coercion, many ask, can such an attenuated gathering hope to exert in the world of to-day?

The Dominions, led by Canada, were openly hostile to Article 10, by which members are pledged "to respect and preserve as against external aggression" the territories and independence of fellow members.

Nor was reluctance to accept obligations the only cause of difficulty. The League was based on the theoretical equality of its members, but its constitution admitted their inequality by providing permanent and semi-permanent seats for a favoured few on the Council. So that, in fact, membership of the League was distinguished by three ranks: the great, the near-great, and the rest. Among the near-great this question of status rankled sharply. Provision of a permanent seat on the Council for Germany roused several of them to open rebellion. Poland was satisfied by acquiring for herself a semi-permanent seat; but Spain temporarily withdrew from the League, and Brazil resigned outright.

In the meantime the real business of achieving a European settlement was being conducted by the four Great Powers among themselves, and by 1925 took shape in the series of Locarno Treaties, which were, of course, registered in proper fashion with the League Secretariat. Similarly, the other and earlier bulwark of security, the Naval Agreement and Nine Power Treaty of 1922, had been negotiated not in Geneva but Washington. Finally the members of the League addressed themselves to the problem of disarmament, but found that once again national fears overrode the principles upon which disarmament was to be based.

Nevertheless, the League during the Locarno period was a reality. Germany was a member, and among the Great Powers only the U.S.A. and Russia stood outside; and Russia's absence was regarded as a warrant of the League's respectability. Geneva for some halcyon years was the centre of international good will, and the temple of the "Locarno spirit". With this period also is associated much of the invaluable social and industrial work of the non-political organs of the League. Drug traffic, slave traffic, and sweated labour are only a few of the abuses which the League strove to abolish.



he former National Hotel, on which the Secretariat was orary quarters in London on otel was purchased at a cost mpletely renovated throughout

But the reality of the League was more than matched by the unreality of political and economic conditions. Behind the unsubstantial façade of the Pact of Paris, by which in 1928 the nations glibly promised to outlaw war, were the crumbling bricks of the edifice of international trade and finance. In 1929 the American stock market collapsed; and the panic in Wall Street may be taken as the beginning of a new and grimmer period. Events moved fast; and by 1931 the onslaught of the depression had driven the nations to an economic *sauve qui peut*. There were no more American credits, no more international loans, no more swelling figures of export trade, but tariffs, quotas, and managed currencies, coupled with falling wages, unemployment, and destitution.

resent imposing headquarters of the League of Nations

In the same year Japan marched her troops into Manchuria, and by so doing exposed the powerlessness of the League. China appealed to Geneva, and Geneva to Washington. The U.S.A. sent an observer to sit on the Council; and Japan protested that he had no right to be present. Meantime the Lytton Commission reported against Japan; and the League Assembly finally nerved itself to condemn Japanese action, but without invoking Article 16, the famous sanctions article.

(*Continued on page* 526)

FROM THE STORMY FREE CITY TO THE PEACE OF GENEVA: Mr. Sean Lester (right) is now Deputy Secretary General to the League and doubtless finds life easier than during his period as the League High Commissioner for Danzig

MR. CHAMBERLAIN and WORLD PEACE

The following is a significant extract from the Prime Minister's Speech on the occasion of Mr. Eden's resignation from the Foreign Secretaryship:

"I have never been more completely convinced of the rightness of any course that I have had to take than I am to-day of the rightness of the decision to which the Cabinet came yesterday. What we are seeking to do is to get a general appeasement throughout Europe which will give us peace. The peace of Europe must depend upon the attitude of the four major Powers—Germany, Italy, France, and ourselves. For ourselves we are linked to France by common ideals of democracy, of liberty, and Parliamentary government. France need not fear that the resignation of my right hon. friend upon this issue signifies any departure from the policy of the closest friendship with France. On the other side we find Italy and Germany also linked by affinities of outlook and in the forms of their government. The question that we have to think of is this: Are we to allow these two pairs of nations to go on glowering at one another across the frontier, allowing the feeling between the two sides to become more and more embittered, until at last the barriers are broken down and the conflict begins which many think would mark the end of civilisation? Or can we bring them to an understanding of one another's aims and objects and to such discussion as may lead to their final settlement? If we can do that, if we can bring these four nations into friendly discussion, into a settling of their differences, we shall have saved the peace of Europe for a generation."

MR. CHURCHILL and THE LEAGUE

In a speech in the House of Commons following Hitler's coup in Austria, Mr. Churchill said:—

"Things have come to such a pass that there is no escape without running a risk. I urge the Government to proclaim a renewed, revivified, unflinching adherence to the Covenant of the League of Nations. If a number of States were assembled around Great Britain and France in a solemn treaty for mutual defence against aggression, if they had their forces marshalled in a Grand Alliance, and if they had their staff arrangements concerted, and all these rested honourably upon the Covenant of the League of Nations, and if this were done in the year 1938—believe me, this may be the last chance for doing it—then I say you may even now arrest this approaching war, and then perhaps this curse which overhangs Europe will pass away."

WHO FOOTS THE BILL

The expenses of the League were estimated at 30,639,664 *Swiss francs for* 1935 *(approximately* £2,000,000), *towards which Great Britain contributed* 3,180,938 *Swiss francs* (£190,000). *The expenses are allocated to the members in units of* 30,295 *Swiss francs, payable as under in 1935:—U.K.* 105, *France* 79, *U.S.S.R.* 79, [a]*Germany* 63·4, *Italy* 60, [a]*Japan* 13·97. *India* 56, *China* 46 *Spain* 40, *Canada* 35, *Poland* 32, *Argentina* 29, *Czechoslovakia* 29, *Australia* 27, *Netherlands* 23, *Rumania* 22, *Yugoslavia* 20, *Belgium* 18, *Sweden* 18, *Switzerland* 17, *South Africa* 15, *Chile* 14, *Mexico* 14, *Denmark* 12, *I.F.S.* 10, *New Zealand* 10, *Turkey* 10, *other nations contributing less than* 10 *units each. The total in 1935 was* 1,013 *units.*

[a] In a full year (before withdrawal from the League) the share of Germany was 79 units, and that of Japan 60 units.

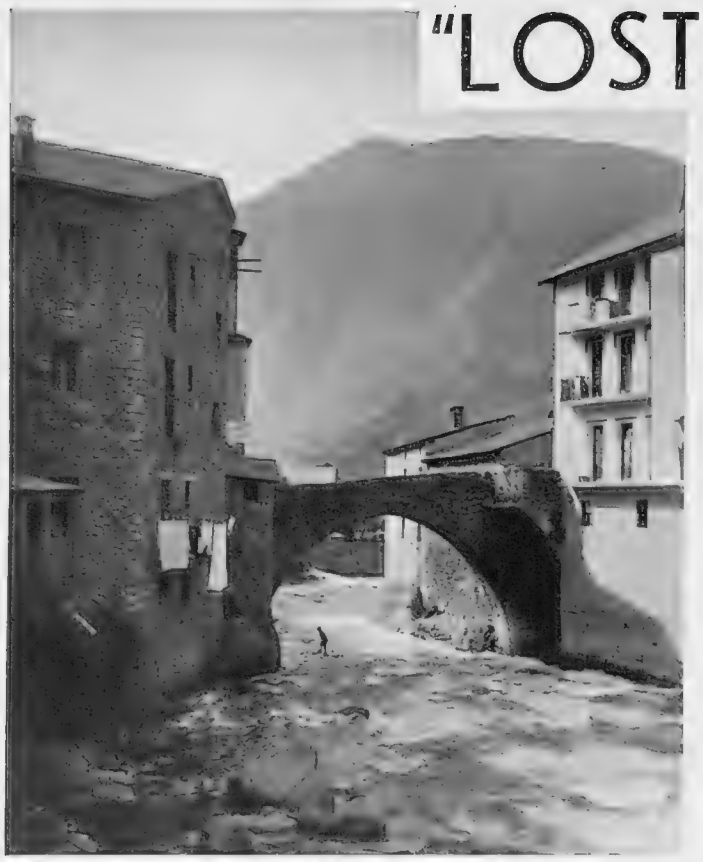
"A WEDGE HAS BEEN DRIVEN INTO THE HEART OF THE LITTLE ENTENTE and Nazi Germany in its present mood, if matters are left where they are, is in a position to dominate the whole of south-east Europe," said Mr. Winston Churchill in the House last week. This sketch map shows the position of Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, the three countries of the Little Entente, in relation to the Greater Germany

"LOST HORIZON"

In the Pyrenees

A Glimpse of Affairs in the Diminutive Republic of Andorra as Affected by the Spanish Civil War

By FERDINAND TUOHY



HARNESSED TO LIGHT THE CATALAN CAPITAL: The river at Las Escaldas, picturesque village of Andorra, provides the water-power for the local generating plant, from which Barcelona derives much of its electricity. The towering peak is typical of Andorran scenery

SHOULD the Spanish Insurgents' push in Aragon develop well into Catalonia, and it may have done by the time this article appears in print, then the day would not be far distant when the midget republic of Andorra became "news," for it has for eighteen months been exclusively occupied by the French. Such is only half their right, and if a certain preliminary condition were fulfilled by General Franco, as it assuredly would be, it is hard to see how the French could refuse the Insurgents' right of way through the tiny State up to the important and centrally situated Las Escaldas.

Yet, in truth, Andorra is "news" already, as anyone would discover, who put in at Perpignan whose Sub-Prefect is responsible for the place. The republic of 7,000 mountain folk is still completely cut off in the snows, from the French side, and barred and bolted on the Spanish, on account of the civil war. It is a sort of European "lost horizon" whose sole connection with the outside world is a telegraph and a telephone line, each of which constantly breaks down in the snow blizzards, and a daily arrival on skis from France of a small number of Chasseurs Alpins. There is also a caterpillar ambulance, but this is retained for use only on critical occasions.

Normally, Andorra would be in full and daily connection with Catalonia throughout the winter, the southern slopes of the Pyrenees being so much lower. Actually, the freak little republic became isolated in November, nor will the snows on the French side liberate the population until early May, although there should be a notable diminution in depth a month sooner.

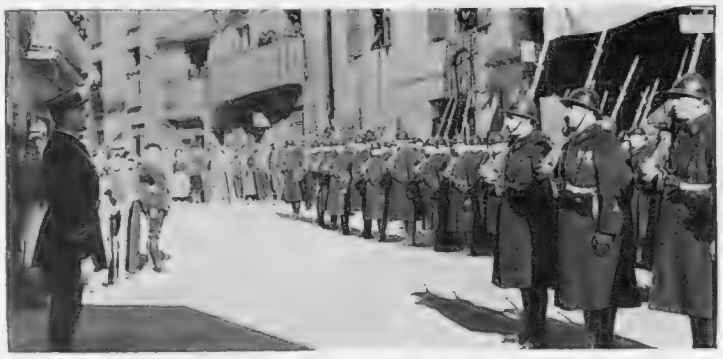
Within the compass of a few swift years Andorra has careered through centuries until to-day Andorrans find themselves sucked into the maelstrom of "Reds" and Anarchists, Insurgents and non-intervention, frontier control and shootings, talk of local fortifications and of "strategic value," not to mention threatened famine and iron rations and the breakdown of the population's currency.

To think that a bare ten years ago one stumbled down mile after mile of mountainside and mule-track, down, down into this severed survival of the Middle Ages; that, five years prior to this, visiting Andorra assumed the shape of a kind of minor Tibetan expedition, replete with mules, stores, and guides.

One slept on the floor, above cows, and with furniture pressed for safety against the door. The only "road" began right down at Andorra-la-Veija, the capital, whence it ran to St. Julia, Spanish frontier village. No car or film had as yet been seen in Andorra, nor wireless as much as dreamt of. Members of the ruling Council were freely illiterate and knowledge of the world without was little above zero.

Andorrans just tended their skinny flocks and fields and sold for slender pesetas to Catalans their timber, milk, and tobacco. No written code of law existed, no armed force or even police. Malefactors were expected to go and seek pardon of those they had injured. Nor was there any semblance of a budget; no sign of civilisation's exploitation. The Andorrans may have been curious people, but they were happy after their fashion, and they were left to themselves. They just knew—some of them—that they lived under the suzerainty of two Co-Princes, the French President and the Spanish Bishop of Seo d'Urgell, as they had vaguely lived for 700 years, ever since a deal with the Counts of Foix. They had a Syndic or Premier, presiding over their Council of twenty-four, representing the six "Valleys" or parishes. And that was Andorra, in 1921 or '22, penetrated by the rarest visitors, at least from the French side, because one had to cross on foot a pass over 8,000 ft. high and open but four months in the year (the En Valira, sole present physical communication with Andorra, over which those skiers daily pass).

In the years leading to the civil war, the "developing" hand descended on Andorra, notably from Paris which recognised the neglected territory's potential waterpower, tourist, and perhaps also, strategic value. The little republic was opened up with roads fit for motor-coaches and lorries, hotels and their accessories sprang up, Andorra became more and more visited, and absorbed in the financial sense, and its queer population accordingly grew to be less and less wholly themselves. That brings us to July, 1936.



GUARDIAN OF ANDORRAN LIBERTY: Colonel Baulard reviewing some of his 400 French Gardes Mobiles at San Julia-de-Loria on the frontier of Andorra and Spain. It is the task of this semi-military police force, only lately despatched from France, to prevent raids on Andorra by the Catalans

"Following the rebellion," it was authoritatively explained to me "the Spanish Co-Prince, Mgr. Guitard, hastily sought refuge outside of Spain: he is at present at San Remo. In September, 1936, Anarchists from neighbouring (Catalan) Puigcerda executed twenty-nine people, and the Andorrans took fright. They thought that when in the winter they would be cut off from France, the Anarchists would come up into Andorra from Seo d'Urgell and act similarly in the little republic. So they invited the French Co-Prince (the Sub-Prefect of Perpignan, in fact), to assume sole control. The French Government agreed and despatched Colonel Baulard from Nantes, at the head of about 400 Gardes Mobiles. The Colonel had been on strike duty in Andorra two years beforehand. He has been up there ever since with his men, and without a doubt has prevented violent raids on Andorra.

"He has done more than that. If it hadn't been for his emergency rationing a year ago, the Andorran population must have suffered grievously. What happened was this. Suddenly the Catalan Government refused to, or couldn't afford to send any further supplies to Andorra. The Catalans continued to acquire Andorran produce, because they were so hard hit, but the heavily depreciated Valencia peseta, offered in payment, was as good as useless to the Andorrans, faced with converting it into French francs. Even so, no commodities would be forthcoming from the French side on account of the snow-blocked pass. So Colonel Baulard got that caterpillar ambulance and each day it brought the barest necessities—such as flour—to the Andorran capital. That went on until last May, when the snows melted. Directly after, however, further calamity befell the Andorrans in the shape of a terrific storm which ruined the crops in four of the "Valleys." The population would be faced by a far worse position in the ensuing winter (the present one), thus bereft of their own produce as well as unable to buy from without.

"What supervened? Andorran delegates passed round to Salamanca and explained their Republic's plight to the Franco authorities. Would Franco accept pesetas from Andorrans at their pre-civil war value provided such pesetas were expended on supplies emanating from Insurgent Spain? Franco said he would, and in the months before the snows blocked Andorra, last November, basic foodstuffs were railed round from Irun, through Toulouse, up to the frontier station of Hospitalet, and so down by road into Andorra which was well provisioned before winter fell. Strange arrangement, all the same! Here was a tiny people selling its own produce to Governmental Spain, obtaining hopelessly depreciated money in payment, yet being able to spend such moneys in Insurgent Spain, at pre-civil war, immensely enhanced purchasing rate!

"The French Gardes Mobiles are supplied by the military authorities in Perpignan. Each November, before the snows close in, enough is dispatched to Andorra to last until the succeeding May—chiefly flour, wine, preserved meat and dried vegetables, potatoes, and *pasta*. Our men are not too badly off, boredom being the enemy, reliefs being so rarely feasible in the weather conditions. The men can have their wives and families up in the summer, however, and, as you may know, Las Escaldas is quite an attractive resort.

"As for the long winter, we have installed a detachment of skiers of the 15th Alpine Infantry, at the little village of Porté, 7,000 ft. high. From here, each day, skiers bear down the twelve odd miles to Andorra-la-Veille, carrying the postbag and such urgent, light-weight necessities as Colonel Baulard may ask for. But the skiers cannot carry parcels and the Gardes Mobiles would have got none of the great number of presents and comforts sent them by relatives and friends, at Christmas, unless a second odd arrangement had been successfully put through. This time it was the Barcelona Government that helped! They allowed us to rail round these packages via Puigcerda and Seo d'Urgell, and so up to the Andorran frontier village of St. Julia where our men were awaiting their presents with the eagerness you can imagine.

"Reverting to the effect of these tragic times upon the Andorran population, it is quite untrue

(Continued on page 526)

On right—THE ANDORRAN PARLIAMENT HOUSE: The building where the Conseil Général or Council of Twenty-four meets regularly to deliberate on the affairs of the diminutive republic

VIGNETTES *from* VIENNA : How Nazi Youth Turned Out in Force to Welcome the New Regime

ALL FOR THE FUHRER: This picture, together with the others on this page, reveals the tremendous enthusiasm that prevailed in the streets of Vienna as the people waited to greet Hitler on his triumphal entry into the city. Time and time again at many points on the route scenes such as this were witnessed, the German "Schupos" (police) striving to hold the crowds at bay when pressure from behind pushed them forward from the pavement into the road. Nearly all the spectators, it will be noted, were young people, for it was from the youth of Austria that the Nazis recruited the bulk of their adherents; a fact that was only too clearly recognised by ex-Chancellor Schuschnigg when he announced his fateful plebiscite in which only those of twenty-four years of age and upwards were to be permitted to take part

HERO WORSHIP: Two girls, one of whom is clasping a portrait of Chancellor Hitler, seen with a member of the invading force, whose arrival they hailed with such evident delight. The fact that the Führer is himself an Austrian by birth has been a very powerful factor indeed in the course of events and has added considerably, no doubt, to the warmth of his reception

THE LEADER PASSES BY: Another exuberant scene in Vienna as Chancellor Hitler made his triumphal drive through the city and the police fought desperately to keep the people from overrunning the roadway. It will be observed that here again most of the spectators are youngsters. It was among the middle-aged and the older folk that ex-Chancellor Schuschnigg found the majority of supporters

EXUBERANCE IN THE HELDENPLATZ: A section of the throng that turned out to watch the great military review at which the crowds were almost as great as on Hitler's first arrival in the city on the day previous. *On right*—A German soldier being cheered by an eager group of girls

HONG KONG SUCCEEDS SHANGHAI: As the Focal Point of European Activity in the Eastern World

CENTRE OF SOCIAL LIFE: The Peninsula Hotel, Kowloon, a popular meeting place in Hong Kong colony

By LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

BRITISH Hong Kong is to-day, in effect, the capital of China. Crowded into its 32 sq. miles are the leaders, the brains, the wealth, and the whole witch's cauldron of Chinese finance, strategy, intrigue, plot, and counterplot. It is the centre of Japanese and international spy and counter-spy activities, the hunting-ground of aircraft, arms, and munitions salesmen from all parts of the world, the hiring-place of foreign mercenaries, the meeting-place of adventurers, professional and amateur, the daily clearing-house of a thousand rumours and far fewer truths.

Here, under the British flag, free from the terror of air raids, bombardments, kidnapping, murder, and reprisals, ominous echoes of which answer the click-click of British golf balls on the British golf course across the narrow Lyeemoon Pass, the Bank of China is virtually the real Chinese Finance Ministry, within whose stately walls the Soongs and the Kungs are trying to pattern China's future in threads of gold. T. V. Soong, astute financier, sits there, so does H. H. Kung, lineal descendant of Confucius.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the Boadicea, the Semiramis, the Cleopatra, or what you will, of the twentieth century, is safely and peacefully recuperating from the strain of trying to advance the hands of Chinese time by several centuries. Madame Sun Yat-sen, widow of the "Father of the Chinese Republic," whose son Sun Fo is in Moscow, holds the other end of a line from Russia. Elusive figures, all of them, but not so shadowy as many of the foreign unofficial liaison connections, or as the ubiquitous Intelligence agents of half the world.

Hong Kong is one of the most glorious jewels in the British Crown. The bay I can only compare scenically with Rio de Janeiro. Blue skies, a bluer sea dotted with green islands like emeralds set in lapis lazuli. From the Peak, the highest point rising 1,800 ft., I looked over the Island rising and falling in mountains and valleys, and thought what an impregnable natural fortress is this key to South China, and how fortunate for the white man in the Pacific, and for the Chinese who find safe asylum here, it is that it belongs to Britain. Later I was to learn some disillusioning facts to the contrary.

The steamer, carefully navigated through the difficult and picturesque channels, passed between big Chinese junks each with two staring eyes on the bow "so that they can see where they are going" the Chinese explain, to floating villages of massed sampans, where in space smaller than the lifeboats of a passenger steamer, families, sometimes two or three generations of them, live, sleep, rear children, and die.

Hong Kong waterfront is, if anything, livelier than Singapore. The incessant traffic between the Island, Kowloon, and New Territories on the mainland, leased to Britain respectively in 1860 and 1898 for ninety-nine years, is carried across the three-quarter-of-a-mile Lyeemoon Strait by ferries.

Under the shadow of the tall, solid commercial and Government buildings along the Bund, Chinese life flows inscrutably or bustles along shrilly and noisily. This strip of terra firma is the playground of the sampan children, temporarily released from their share of the family chores. Little girls of five and six stagger along with a baby secured to their backs by a kerchief, miniature editions of their old-young mothers, some of whom have babies on their backs and an infant in their arms. Fishermen sort and grade lively lobsters and crawfish from huge fishing-pots. Hawkers of unclassifiable bits of meats, fish, and vegetables haggle over the value for a small copper coin. Transport coolies, men and women, jog-trot along with a heavy burden suspended to a pole between the two of them, or nicely-balanced at either end of a bamboo across their shoulders.

Rickshaw coolies alertly solicitous of trade, soberly-clad Chinese business men, now and then a reflective, bespectacled youth, black-trousered sew-amahs and wash-amahs padding to work, beggars intoning for alms, and like humming-birds stabbing the shade with their gay colours, pretty Chinese girls in bright silk dresses slit either side to the knee, coquettishly pick their way, their curled hair waving in the sea-breeze, their rouged lips curved in laughter.

Behind the waterfront, the stronghold of Hong Kong's business life. Shops, hotels, banks, shipping companies, rows of parked motor cars, Chinese and Europeans jostling one another on the narrow pavements, to buy or to sell anything from gold, jewels, ivory, jade, and rare embroideries, to killing-machines for the war going on just a few miles away; from the strong right-hand and reckless heart of a "foreign-devil" adventurer, to the graces of a sing-song "Flower."

But it is in the hotel bars and lobbies where you feel the pulse of this extraordinary life, beating to a dozen different languages. You can always be sure of the spies, the counterspies and the known liaison officials, dignified by the title "Intelligence." Of course the very ones who act "like spies" are never the real thing. They may be exhibitionists craving attention, or drawing attention to themselves to relieve the bona fide workers.

"Death Merchants"—dealers in war material come and go but their places are never vacant. The successful salesman will in due course be followed by formidable shipments of aircraft, guns or munitions, the arrival of which is not regarded as any secret. At the moment of writing, anyone can go and see huge crates of munitions stacked up behind the aerodrome, and several lorry-loads of German anti-aircraft guns on the Kowloon side. This open traffic in arms and munitions can only continue as long as the very real existing war between China and Japan is not officially declared as "War." The moment that happens a blockade would be established, ships would be searched, and war material would have to be smuggled in.

The United States, with its Neutrality Law, would no longer supply the American aircraft so coveted by the Chinese. But as long as this ruthless, bloody massacre of civilians, women and children by bombing and bombardment is not a "war," so long can the nations of the world supply either or both sides with instruments of destruction without hindrance . . . and, I suppose, without remorse.

CROWDED HONG KONG

The population in Hong Kong has increased by more than 200,000 since last August, wrote Jean Gordon in a recent issue of THE SPHERE, *and this increase shows itself in lack of space in hotels and restaurants, on dance floors and ferries; in difficulty in obtaining accommodation for new arrivals; in a generally increased cost of living; in a dearth of motors for hire and a rise in price of second-hand cars; and in countless other small pin-pricking ways. In addition, a tremendous amount of hitherto unoccupied space is now being used for the storage of goods consigned to North China from Europe and elsewhere, which were shipped before the outbreak of hostilities and could get no farther than Hong Kong*

Personally, I would be happy to see some of this war material destined for Hong Kong itself. As I mentioned above, Hong Kong is a perfect, natural fortress, and the master-key to South China which it can still lock up or unlock at will. It would be quite difficult to take Hong Kong from the sea — by which I mean that the enemy could most probably be held off, even if, with our slender defences, he might not be decisively defeated on the open waters. At the present I understand there are between 9,000 and 10,000 troops in the Colony, and that £8,000,000 have been appropriated for land defences. But that is exclusive of air defence, where Hong Kong is especially weak. It came as a shock to me to learn that apart from the twenty-six aeroplanes on the aircraft-carrier *Eagle* stationed here—which does not necessarily mean that the twenty-six are of the newest type—there are only a couple of training aeroplanes on the island.

Either the people at home do not realise the colossal importance of Hong Kong, or they are hoodwinked regarding the facts. But if they are, no one else is. Not any more than the world has been deceived by the blare and fuss made over the opening of the Singapore base, which I found to be so lamentably weak in air defence. The explanation offered is ever the same—that in case of emergency, ships and aircraft could be "rushed" from the Mediterranean to the Far East. But anyone who possesses an atlas, and who reads the news, must realise that the distances are too great for emergency action, and that so long as Mussolini holds the British Empire by the scruff of the neck in the Mediterranean, there will be few, if any, naval units freed for the Far East.

In one or two respects, Hong Kong is another little "Garden of Eden" in the heavily-taxed British Empire. There is no income tax here. The conditions of living are perhaps even easier than in Singapore, because the Hong Kong dollar is worth only 1s. 3d., or 30 American cents as against the Straits dollar of 2s. 4d., or 58 American cents.

Administratively Hong Kong seems to lack the drive, energy, and alertness that is so noticeable in Singapore. I found Singapore, even though it is so much nearer the equator, much hotter, and so much more maligned, far more progressive, more lively, brighter, and with a greater note of optimism. Even the hotel lobbies, dining-rooms, and cafés reflected an atmosphere gay, cheerful, and energetic. Hong Kong is a stronghold of British "conservatism" in the sense that there appear to be die-hard elements in the administration who seem unaware that the world of progress is marching past and leaving them behind. This is reflected in the deplorable health conditions. At this writing the smallpox epidemic is climbing alarmingly, and yet I am informed on good authority not only is there no compulsory vaccination but not even compulsory notification.

Here in Hong Kong one also soon senses a regrettable lack of harmony between the four estates—the Navy, the Army, the Air Force, and civilians. From long experience, I quite recognise that the Navy with its long and proud tradition is inclined to be exclusive, even as regards the Army. The Army, on its part, manifests an air of toleration towards civilians. The Air Force, being the youngest service, is the least stiff-necked. In Singapore the Army and the Air Force were more open-minded, seemed to have more cordial relations with the civilian population, and certainly had more friendly relations with the local Press. I cannot complain personally, for I have received the greatest courtesy and kindness, but the atmosphere is here, and I hear echoes of it on every hand. Britain has so much to hold if we are united and stick together, and all so much to lose if we keep up that traditional gulf between castes.

Shanghai is dead. Hong Kong has become the gateway of China. Commercially, socially, and politically the one-time great metropolis farther north is completely stagnated. The Japanese have killed it, at least for the time being. Hong Kong is profiting by it.

Czechoslovakia's ostume-Loving People

Dresses of the Bohemians and Moravians

ORAVIAN HIGHLANDER: A picturesquely clad peasant laying his bagpipes. He is a typical member of the Czech opulation of Czechoslovakia, the new State created under he peace treaties out of the wreck of the Austrian Empire

A GIRL OF THE HANAK PLAIN: With her puffed sleeves, Elizabethan ruff, roses at her waist, and wild flowers in her hair this Czech farmer's daughter shows off the rich flamboyant character of Moravian national dress and adornment

AGE-OLD RITUAL OF THE NATIONAL DANCE is the supreme entertainment of Moravians and Bohemians alike, and their gay costumes are the wonder of all who chance to travel in Czechoslovakia which, from the geographical point of view, is one of Europe's newest lands, but is the home of a people whose manners and customs are deeply rooted in history. The men in their top boots and feathered hats, and the girls in their bell-like skirts make a magnificent picture as they sway and turn to the rhythm of the band

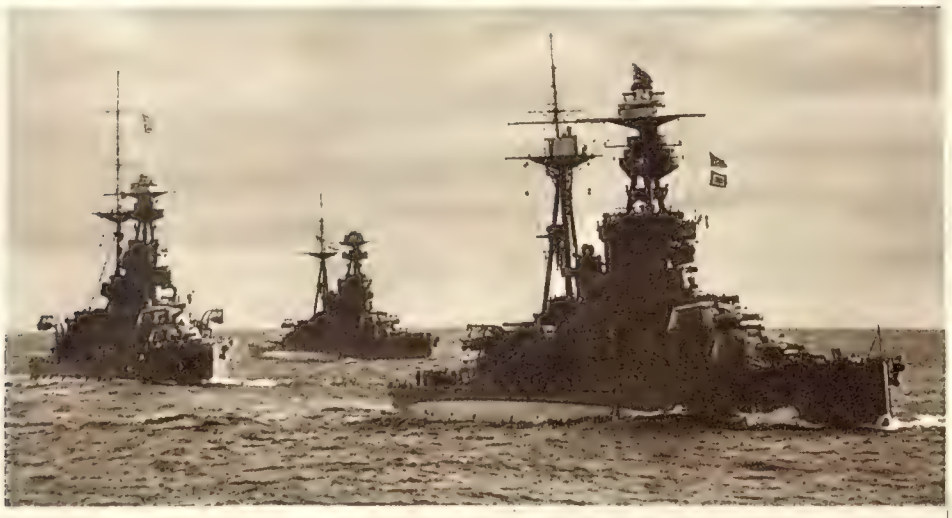
MAN OF THE HILLS: A swarthy Moravian peasant farmer whose countenance evidences his Slovak origin

O O

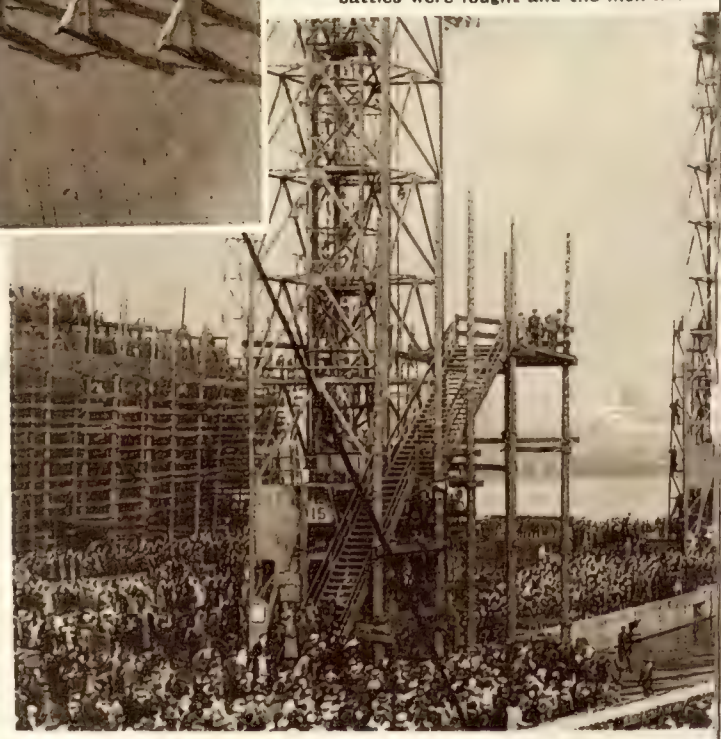
BRITAIN'S FLEETS OFF THE POR

The Combined Exercises of the

KEEPING FIT AFLOAT: The crew engaged in physical jerks on the quarter deck of H.M.S. *Ramillies* during the recent manœuvres of the Home and Mediterranean fleets which were held off the coast of Portugal and came to an end on March 18 when the ships returned to Gibraltar. *Below*—H.M.S. *Royal Oak*, H.M.S. *Revenge*, and H.M.S. *Ramillies* steaming together on manœuvres



"WAR" IN THE ATLANTIC: Anti-aircraft gunners wearing gasmasks in H.M.S. *Revenge* when fighting to stave off a massed air attack during the combined exercises of the British and Mediterranean Fleets held recently off the coast of Portugal. A number of mimic battles were fought and the men had



H.M.S. "BELFAST" TAKES THE WATER: The first British cruiser to be launched this year, and the ninth ship of the Southampton type, gliding off the slipway from Messrs. Harland and Wolff's yard at Queen's Island, Belfast, after being named by Mrs. Chamberlain, wife of the Prime Minister. The ship's designed displacement is 10,000 tons and her speed 32 knots. It was explained at the luncheon

GO INTO "ACTION" UGUESE COAST

Home and Mediterranean Warships

a real chance to gain experience in conditions approximating with remarkable realism to those likely to be encountered on active service. Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield, the First Sea Lord, watched the proceedings from H.M.S. *Hood*. The combined exercises really formed the second half of what is known as the Spring Cruise. During the first half the ships of the Home Fleet paid courtesy visits to various ports

TAKEN FROM THE BRIDGE OF "RODNEY": A view showing H.M.S. *Nelson*, flagship of Admiral Sir Roger Backhouse, Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleet, and attendant destroyers as they left Gibraltar en route to the Atlantic exercise ground where the mimic battles took place. *Below* — Morning prayers in H.M.S. *Rodney*, before the start of the day's activity

Following the launch that the idea of naming vessels of the new cruiser class after the great cities of the kingdom was to draw contributions to the personnel of the Navy from their vast populations and also to establish a special interest between each city and a particular vessel of the Fleet. Lord Craigavon, who was present at the luncheon, referred in his speech to the need that more work should if possible be given to the Belfast building yards

THE PEACE OF PROVINCIAL AUSTRIA: *Through an Artist's Eyes*

A PEACEFULLY REMOTE VILLAGE OF TYROL: Ötz, lying in the shadow of the towering Acherkogal mountain, is a pleasant place with a fascinating jumble of houses and a few hotels and pensions which are full in the summer season and usually empty during the other nine months of the year when the village is often cut off by the snow. The life of the people is typical of the frugality that of recent years has obtained throughout Austria

AN OLD TOWN OF THE VORARLBERG REGION: One of the gates of [illegible] turret tower. There, just as in Ötz, the traveller can see the life people at its simplest and best. It stands so near to the Swiss f[illegible] that visitors often pass it by. The charming arcaded squares date e[illegible] fourteenth century and the public fountains are delightfully adorned wit[illegible] every other house has window boxes, bright in the summer with petu[illegible]

RUTH COBB, who drew the accompanying pictures, writes: "Austria's necessity during these last years since so much that gave her wealth had been taken away from her, made her dependent on the foreign tourist. This rather spoilt the aspect of some of her best-known places, the effort to attract the visitor being somewhat obvious.

"But there are places in Austria where the ordinary life of the people has been carried on, a frugal and often strenuous struggle for existence among most picturesque surroundings in provincial places, and even behind the hotel-lined main roads, where travellers arrived in cars to stop for one night, before continuing on their way the next morning.

"Feldkirch in the province of Vorarlberg is a place so near to the Swiss frontier that people often pass it by, in their desire to reach places with well-known and advertised names among the mountain valleys. It is a beautiful and very interesting place through which the river Ill rushes at great speed. It has an old feudal castle overlooking the town, that once belonged to a family of the De Montforts. It has charming arcaded squares that date from the fourteenth century, with little shops underneath and fine fountains always decorated with flowers and plants.

"Feldkirch has one of its old town gates in a good state of preservation. The turret tower at its side is decorated with a frieze of armorial bearings, which are painted on the old stonework in pleasant fashion. Modern efforts in this direction are not so successful.

"Ötz can be taken as a typical village that leads its own life behind a row of hotels and pensions. It lies on the only road five miles up the pass that ascends in three plateaux to its head some miles away. Down the centre of the valley rushes a small river that rises in the glaciers at the top of the pass. There is no road through over the mountains, merely a mule track.

"At one time private cars were not allowed up the pass, but lately the road with its many turns above chasms has been kept in repair, though the many wooden bridges seem still to have many loose planks. But the inhabitants of the Ötztal must lead very lonely lives during the greater part of the year, visitors only come for about three months, for many weeks they are almost entirely cut off from the rest of the country when the snow arrives.

"Behind the more modern buildings, the old village of Ötz, standing beneath the high peak of the Acherkogal mountain, is a most fascinating jumble of dwelling places overlooked by a tiny church. The houses are of good size and of great age, often gaily decorated with paintings, a curious mixture of the religious and secular. They stand among a great muddle of farm buildings and manure heaps and domestic animals. In September, Ötz and the rest of the valley keep the festival of the local saint, the occasion opens with gun fire that continues at intervals for half a day. A great many of the country people from tiny villages up the mountains come down to the valley for the day, wearing the quaint costumes that have continued to survive in remote parts of Austria and are somewhat different from the more stereotyped dress that is at present influencing English fashions. The men carrying medieval weapons and wearing flowers and feathers in their hats are a fine sight."

WHAT HAPPENED IN 18[illegible]

An Historical Footnote to the Events of La[illegible]

WHEN the Duce last week referred to the absorption of Austria [illegible] he remarked that there was no need for special wonde[illegible] event, that it might, in fact, have taken place in 1848. Though[illegible] union was certainly in the air in the early part of this fateful yea[illegible] to have been two factors militating against its accomplishment. [illegible] Prussian ruler, Frederick William IV, refused to accept the crown [illegible] Roman Empire which was offered to him by the newly-constitute[illegible] of United Germany which had met at Frankfurt in May. Such a [illegible] would have meant the fusion of Germany with the Austrian E[illegible] King of Prussia shrank, as Mr. Raymond Beazley writes, "with [illegible] that Austrian war by which alone he could secure the Imperial [illegible] Frankfurt Parliament." Another difficulty was that German p[illegible] not stomach the inclusion in Germany of a vast non-German popul[illegible]

Events moved on and any adjustments which may have been p[illegible] to naught. "And Austria was once more in a position to re-stabili[illegible] devised by her diplomacy at the Congress of Vienna."

This was not before she had experienced her full share of [illegible] revolution which swept Europe during 1848. Everywhere the [illegible] Philippe fanned smouldering fires into a blaze. In March, author[illegible] was seized by students and citizens.

In May the Emperor retired to Innsbruck "for the benefit of [illegible] whence he issued a proclamation casting himself upon the [illegible] faithful provinces. On June 12 there was a rising of Czech "st[illegible] populace in Prague—a movement which was sternly suppressed. T[illegible] followed by a racial war in all parts of Austria—a conflict in [illegible] national rivalry was the outstanding feature. The Germans in[illegible] other parts, loudly cheered any victory which appeared to strengthe[illegible]

Hungary had broken away as an independent State under the [illegible] Louis Kossuth; the Austrian forces were fighting in the Italian S[illegible] not until September that Count Joseph Jellachich, the leader of th[illegible] able to invade Hungary, and in October Windischgrätz began [illegible] rebellious Vienna which fell to him on November 1.

The ministry at Vienna was dominated by Imperial ser[illegible] December 2, the Emperor Ferdinand was induced to abdicate in [illegible] young nephew, Francis Joseph, a move which indicated a det[illegible] Austria to defend herself against both the Magyar and the Germ[illegible] The year closed with Hungary still dominated by Kossuth and [illegible] separate existence. It was not until August, 1849, that Hungary [illegible] and Austria again in command. One outstanding and perma[illegible] this turbulent year was the law abolishing feudal service in Bo[illegible]

A.R.P.—HOW TO MAKE A ROOM GAS-PROOF

Drawn by D. Macpherson

LAST WEEK THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON CALLED FOR 100,000 VOLUNTEERS to help implement London's elaborate plans for civilian air raid protection and, with the whole question so much to the fore, this drawing has been specially compiled for THE SPHERE *from the information contained in the publications emanating from the Air Raid Precautions Department of the Home Office. It shows the interior of a room prepared as a refuge in time of emergency. Most of the articles and fitments indicated will probably be possessed in the home already; the remainder can be made or acquired inexpensively. A room 10 ft. by 8 ft. will accommodate five people for 12 hours. The best situation is a cellar, if it has two exits, or basement or ground-floor room, with small windows, preferably facing away from the prevailing wind and with soft ground outside. Cracks should be filled in with pulp made of sodden newspaper or putty, covered over with strong gummed paper or brown paper and paste. When danger is imminent, all windows and doors in the rest of the house should be closed. Fires should be put out and the gas turned off. Electric light may be used. When all are present and the last door covering in place, occupants of the room should rest quietly to save oxygen. There must be no smoking. The windows outside should be protected by sandbags or boxes of earth*

(i) The Air Raid Precautions Department of the Home Office advises all householders to make a safe gas-proof retreat for the family. A dining-room such as this would serve the purpose and the following pictures show how the work of transformation may be done inexpensively

(iii) Sawing up the wooden battens which constitute the frames of the guards that must be made to fit the windows, door, and fireplace of the anti-gas room. The battens can be bought for about 6d. each

(v) A fireplace guard nearly completed. Over the frame is fitted an ordinary household blanket, and at the sides and top a margin of 2 or 3 ins. should be allowed for overlapping. At the bottom the margin should be greater, as it can be used to keep air from blowing underneath the frame

(ii) Here you see the same dining-room made gas-proof in a simple but effective manner, the windows, the fireplace, and the door (not visible) being covered with frames, between which are stretched blankets. The occupants would breathe the air of the room during the period of the raid

(iv) The four corners of each door, window, or fireplace frame are most easily joined together with angle pieces which are sold for about 3d. each at nearly all ironmongers and department stores

(vi) When the blanket has been tacked to the wood the door guard is almost ready for use, and can be stored in any fairly accessible place until an air raid warning is given. It should then be instantly taken to the garden and saturated with water before being clamped to the door

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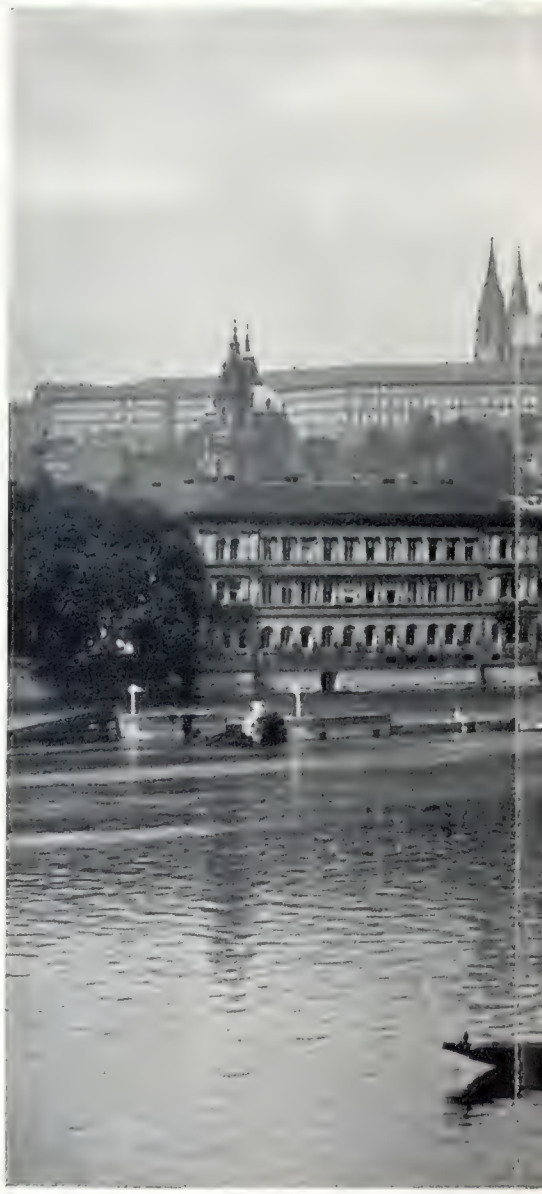
PRAGUE'S WONDER CLOCK: It dates from 1490, and is on the south side of the tower of the Old Town Hall. At every astronomical hour figures of the Apostles appear and, after the clock has struck, a cock crows. Near this spot Bohemian Protestants were executed after their rising in 1621

THE HEART OF BOHEMIA: A general view of Prague, the Czechoslovakian capital, showing some of the graceful bridges that span the Moldau and the medieval aspect of the city which through the centuries has maintained its old-time character. There are 30,000 Germans in Prague alone and in the whole of Czechoslovakia there are 3,231,000 out of a total population of 14,729,000. This minority has long been clamouring for fuller representation in the affairs of the Republic and, according to a report issued on March 20, it would seem that its demands are going to be met to a large extent

Since Chancellor Hitler's Austrian coup, which resulted, among many things, in an extension of Germany's boundary with Czechoslovakia, the position of the young Republic has been the subject of much discussion, grave fears having been expressed as to what the future holds for this new State carved from the wreck of the dual monarchy and recognised in 1919 by the Allied Powers under the treaty of St. Germain. As indicated above, over one-fifth of Czechoslovakia's people are German, and this outspoken minority has for long been making its presence felt in no uncertain fashion, having the moral support of Berlin. Much has been done, however, to alleviate the situation, for on Monday of this week it became known that the Czechoslovakian Cabinet had decided to give proportional employment to the Germans in all the public services. In the central administration this will amount to about 22 per cent.



On right — LOOKING ACROSS THE MOLDAU to the Hradcany Hill, on the summit of which stands the Cathedral and the vast fortified palace of the ancient Kings of Bohemia, now headquarters of the Czechoslovakian Government and the residence of the President

PRAGUE : AGE-OLD CITY OF A NEW REPUBLIC

Hitler's Austrian Coup Brings Czechoslovakia's Capital Into the News

TO A NATIONAL CZECH HERO: The John Huss monument erected in 1915 in Prague market place in honour of the Bohemian reformer who denounced ecclesiastical abuses and, what is particularly interesting from the contemporary viewpoint, fought against German control over Prague University, championing the cause of Czech nationalism. He was burnt at the stake in 1415

INCIDENTS IN AUSTRO-GERMAN HISTORY

Pictures tell the Story of German Rivalry in the 18th and 19th Centuries

THE CHARGE OF THE AUSTRIAN DRAGOONS AT THE BATTLE OF KOLIN IN 1757: An incident of the Seven Years War in which France and Austria were ranged against Prussia and Great Britain; Austria, under Maria Theresa, attempting but failing to recover Silesia. By the peace of Hubertsburg, signed in 1763, Germany was left divided between Austria and Prussia, whose rivalry was to last until the victory of Königgrätz (1866) definitely decided the issue in favour of the Hohenzollerns

STRIVING FOR GERMAN UNITY: A reproduction from an oil painting made at the Congress of Dresden in 1850, when Prussia was seeking ways and means of defying Austria and dominating all Germany. She failed, however, but, some sixteen years later, under Bismarck, challenged Austria successfully

PRUSSIANS AND AUSTRIANS CHARGING AT THE BATTLE OF KONIGGRATZ, 1866, when the long rivalry between the two Germanic powers reached a climax, Bismarck deciding on a policy of "Blood and Iron" and Austria collapsing before the resultant onslaught. By the subsequent Treaty of Prague the Austrian Emperor surrendered the position in Germany his ancestors had held for centuries. If the Prussians had pressed on after Königgrätz they could have taken Vienna without difficulty

CZECHOSLOVAKIA—EUROPE'S KEYSTONE

Germany's Action in Austria Focuses Attention on the New Republic and its German Population

SURROUNDED by Germany–Austria, Hungary, Rumania, and Poland, a long "sausage" of land has suddenly become one of the most important States in Europe. It is Czechoslovakia, created by the Treaty of St. Germain out of portions of the old Habsburg monarchy. Never more than a few hours' railway journey in breadth, Czechoslovakia has an extreme length, from the Elbe on the German frontier to the Rumanian frontier in Carpathian Russia, of about the distance from Prague to London by air.

In order to understand why Czechoslovakia has become of such importance to Europe, now that Austria has been incorporated into the Reich, a glance at the map is essential. There it will be seen that Czechoslovakia's more powerful allies, France and Soviet Russia, are far away, while her enemies or potential enemies are near. (Eighteen minutes, it has been reckoned, would suffice for a fast bombing plane to reach Prague from the German frontier.) Within the Little Entente, Czechoslovakia is allied with Rumania and Yugoslavia, but their only access to her is through a narrow bottle-neck where Rumania touches Czechoslovakia, and that bottle-neck must also be utilised by Russian troops unless they could reach her by air. If Hungary should join Hitler, that and other problems are thereby complicated.

Unimportant frontier and minority questions alone keep Poland and Czechoslovakia apart, and it would obviously be a great asset if these more or less artificial differences be forgotten by both countries. But Poland dislikes Czechoslovakia's Russian commitments, and moreover has a "treaty of friendship" with Germany which, in view of Poland's careful "sitting-on-the-fence" policy, she will do little to abrogate.

The population of Czechoslovakia is around 14,500,000, of which Czechs and Slovaks account for over 10,000,000, Hungarians around 700,000, Poles and Ruthenians perhaps 100,000. The strongest minority group is composed of Germans, of whom there are 3,500,000. The languages in general use are Czech, German, and Hungarian. Slovak is really only a dialect of Czech, and has only become a written language within the last century. It is nonsense to speak of any "question" dividing Slovaks from Czechs. They swear at each other a bit, as Scotsmen do against Sassenachs on a "Burns Night," but on any big issue are as one. The Hungarian minority was very restive for a time, but educational and other concessions have improved relations. The greatest problem remains that of the "Sudeten" Germans, in no way lessened because they are mainly grouped in those areas bordering upon Germany. It must be admitted that the Czechs have not always been tactful in the past in their dealings with these former Austrian subjects, but they have become more statesmanlike in recent years, and considerable division of opinion prevails among the *Sudeten-Deutschen*. It would be quite wrong to class them as unanimous Nazis in embryo. The Czechs contend that, owing to the geographical position of the Sudeten, it would be impracticable to grant them autonomy, but claim that they are making all possible economic and educational concessions.

It is often forgotten that the Czechs had a kingdom and a history long before the Habsburg domination. ("Good King Wenceslas" was merely the Bohemian King Vaclav.) This they lost in a final battle on fields outside Prague in 1620, to recover it almost exactly three centuries later on the defeat of the Central Powers. Czech strivings towards independence had given much trouble to their Habsburg masters. Many Czechs, among them the late President Masaryk and Dr. Benes, the President of to-day, took the side of the Allies during the war.

The Czechs are a mainly fair-haired race of Slav origin. Their language has none of the liquidity of other Slav tongues, and that and a certain lack of bonhomie in the Czech character, render it less easy for them to make friends than, say, their neighbours the Austrians. But they are a sincere, dogged, and extremely hardworking people, who have proved since the war to be good guardians of the independence they won. Great industries have arisen—one has only to mention the Bata enterprise at Zlin—and immense progress has been made in spreading education. There are few extremes of riches and poverty.

The average Czech works hard and has enough. There is little understanding of the aristocratic principle, and it seems quite natural for Czechoslovakia to be a republic and its president an ex-schoolmaster.

Czechoslovakia has remained a democracy when all States around turned to dictators, a fact of which they are very proud. They possess a parliament in which it is possible for views hostile to the Government and, indeed, to the Czechoslovak Republic to be uttered. Much pressure, at one time, was put upon M. Benes when he was Premier, to arrest Konrad Henlein, leader of the Sudeten Germans, for high treason on account of his negotiations with Hitler. Benes always refused. By democracy, he replied, Czechoslovakia must rise or fall, and that involved rights of free speech.

The chief cities of Czechoslovakia are Prague, the capital, a gorgeous and unforgettable place, whose narrow alleyways and ancient buildings to-day contrast with modern quarters built for the expansion into a city of a million inhabitants; Brno or Brünn, capital of Moravia, which has 250,000 inhabitants and some of the most interesting prehistoric remains in Europe; and Pilsen which produces not only beer but armaments, being the headquarters of the famous Skoda works. Zlin, the Bata headquarters, all glass and skyscrapers, is scarcely beautiful, but this 40,000 hive of industry is worth visiting.

The Czechs have no illusions about their position, and are spending every cent they can afford on their army, which is highly efficient. Among the Germans, it is customary to decry the value of the Czechs as soldiers, but they forget that the Czechs in the Habsburg army were fighting as "aliens". Were he fighting for his own cause, I am convinced that the Czech, noted for his obstinacy, would give a good account of himself.

Now that the German Reich is in Austria, can they hold their 3,500,000 of Germans? That would seem to depend upon many factors, one at least is, how far the Austrians like being "Prussified." If Herr Hitler plays a clever policy in Austria, and gets all the Austrians "with" him, the constant word-of-mouth propaganda could scarcely remain without influence upon the Germans in Czechoslovakia.

R. S. Scholefield

THE SILENT WOODLAND ECHOES TO THE AXE: A spring morning in the solitude of Ashdown Forest, Sussex, where the scent of the fir trees and bracken perfumes the clear air

SPRING *comes to* ENGLAND

"SEE THE YELLOW CATKINS BOW": A scene by the banks of the Darent, near Eynsford, Kent, where the trees and wild flowers are well advanced, so mild have been the last weeks of winter

On right—
THE ELMS ARE AT THEIR LOVELIEST NOW, their branches adorned with clusters of browny-pink blossoms which, in early spring, make their appearance before the leaves. This picture was taken at St. Osyth, near Clacton-on-Sea

ON STAGE AND SCREEN

REALISM AT THE STRAND: Mark Ryder (Hartley Power), the Chicago gangster, is reassured by his bodyguard, Rattigan (George Pembroke) and Scratch (Tony Quinn), on the eve of his operation in a London clinic where a famous Harley Street surgeon is to remove a bullet from the region of his heart. A scene from *Death on the Table*, the play by Guy Beauchamp and Michael Pertwee, which recently began its West End run. One act takes place in an operating theatre

IT seems likely that Mr. Walter Hackett, who has now moved to the Vaudeville, will change the poorish luck which has been coming the way of this theatre of late. For Mr. Hackett's plays, though they vary in quality, have about them two unvarying facts—they contain an enormous part for Miss Marion Lorne and they run a long time. The run is not always of the same length; but Miss Lorne's parts are always much the same, differing only in the circumstances in which she is permitted to give her exhibition of amiable and amusing ditheration.

In *Toss of a Coin* she dithers on the end of a seaside pier in 1904 and also in 1938; she dithers in a French casino, where much fun is made out of her discovery of a revolver and the manager's suspicion that she is about to commit suicide with it. At the end of Act II there is a shot, and Miss Lorne leans back apparently lifeless as the curtain falls. Deceived by the "death" last week of the star performer of another play with yet another act to go, I thought for a moment that that pistol had indeed put paid to Miss Lorne's work for the evening. I should have known my Miss Lorne and my Mr. Hackett better than that. She turned up again in Act III to resume her whale of a part, to catch her breath, and to stammer and to hesitate and to make funny little faces.

By PHILIP PAGE

The part is even padded out with irrelevant episodes, Miss Lorne at one moment donning the dress of a pierrette of the early Pelissier period, taking part in a dance-duet and almost (but not quite) doing a ventriloquial turn. The episode was justified not so much by what Miss Lorne nearly did as by what Mr. Edwin Styles succeeded in doing, one of his successes being the playing of a jazz-band drum, which was such a neat bit of work that the fact that no such instrument existed in 1904 mattered not in the least. Nothing, however, matters in the least in a Hackett play—certainly not an anachronism—beyond the provision of suitable material and background for Miss Lorne, who is clever enough to take full advantage of both.

The background in this example of Hackett's work consists of complicated and inexplicable plots and counter-plots about spies, card-sharpers, suicides, murderers, detectives, bath-chairs, baccarat, and Heaven knows what else. It is duly decorated by two vastly pretty creatures, Miss Christine Barry, with next to nothing to do, and Miss Jeanne Stuart with if possible even less, though few actresses can slink about the stage in ultra-fashionable attire with such allure as can Miss Stuart. Deeply involved in the more sinister aspects of the plot was Mr. Robert Andrews, who is a far better actor than is generally supposed.

"Elizabeth, La Femme sans Homme"—The little Gate Theatre, which dabbles in so interesting a fashion in the backwaters of the contemporary drama, has pulled out a queer fish in *Elizabeth, la Femme sans Homme*, adapted into English by Yvette Pienne from the French of Andre Josset. This play, it seems, was banned by the Censor because of its emphasis on the Freudian aspects of the virginity of the Virgin Queen. According to the theory adopted for the purposes of the plot, the Queen disliked men physically because, to put it as tactfully as may be, one man had paid overmuch attention to her when she was too young to appreciate such attentions and yet old enough to resent them. I don't believe a word of it. Since this is not a consideration of the sex life of a great queen and a great stateswoman, we need not pursue such speculations further.

To a large extent we have a duologue between the fiery and youthful Essex, who is endeavouring to get Elizabeth to say "yes," and the aged queen who persistently says "no" and even hints that, in the words of another great queen, "we are not amused." Monotony is inevitable, though the characters are drawn with a firm hand and the scenes well written and constructed. It was the author's fault that one could not believe in the sincerity of Essex's animal passion and not the fault of Mr. Anthony Quayle, who played the part with splendid fervour. Miss Lilian Braithwaite brought out the pathos as well as the strength and dignity of Elizabeth. Mr. Dennis Arundell's cool, logical Francis Bacon was a very real person.

"Operette."—Mr. Noel Coward has the love of the theatre in his blood, the love of its history, of its glamour, of the smell of its grease-paint, of its back-stage squabbles, of even its sordidness. I like him for it and would not have him otherwise. In these days when popular newspapers give not one-fiftieth part of the space to the theatre that they give to films, when the silly adventures of some third-rate Hollywood semi-celebrity are considered far more important as "news" than a fine performance by a great English actor or actress, it is good to find Mr. Coward fighting so staunchly for the fine old profession in which he is so distinguished a figure. For that reason I welcome his *Operette* at His Majesty's Theatre. And for some other reasons as well, though I would like to be able to enumerate more of them than I honestly can. For this is not, truth to tell, an occasion for piling on the superlatives which the more sensible and important folk than the hypnotised darling-Noelites have willingly done in the past. Here is a piece which has charm. It also has dullness, and the dullness is unfortunately, spread rather more thickly than the charm.

The author has so keen a sense of the theatre that he seems just unable to

STRICTLY UNPROFESSIONAL: Dr. Willens (Peter Coke) and Nurse Kemp (Kay Walsh) provide the romantic touch in *Death on the Table* at the Strand Theatre, a play in which Harley Street doctors and Chicago gangsters become incredibly associated, and in which murder most foul takes place in the operating theatre. Miss Walsh, who has come from the films to play the only female part of any consequence, gives a first-rate performance. She has a delightful speaking voice, undeniable poise, and a very real sense of comedy

WHAT THE GREAT FIRE DID TO CHICAGO: in *The Graphic* of 1871, evidence the city and which has been made the prin

On right—CHAOS RULED: The madly dashing horses of the fire brigade galloping through the streets at breakneck speed lend remarkable realism to the fire sequences in the Twentieth Century Fox film, *In Old Chicago*, which recently began its run at the Tivoli. The thousands of extras taking part in the picture must, it seems, have risked life and limb time and time again

Marion Lorne at Her Dithering Best in "Toss of a Coin": Noel Coward's "Operette"

make a mistake in his handling of a theatrical situation. Even so familiar a theme as that of an aristocratic young officer who loves a chorus-girl and gives her up rather than resign his commission (which he would be forced to do if he married her)—and that is about all the "plot" which *Operette* possesses—has plenty of life pumped into what there is of it. But when it comes to a matter of selection, and a sense of proportion as opposed to a sense of the theatre, Mr. Coward can certainly make mistakes, and in this case he has made them full measure, pressed down, and flowing over.

Take, for instance, his choice of the Edwardian period. I can understand Mr. Coward being attracted to-day by the "glamour" of that peaceful time. I am myself, and I knew it better than did Mr. Coward, for I must confess to being some years older. But my years did not number so very many when I bought picture-postcards of Miss Gabrielle Ray and Miss Marie Studholme; Mr. Coward's numbered even less, for, to be precise, in 1906, the date of this play, he was seven. But first impressions are vastly important and one can take a lasting impression, particularly of so vivid an occasion as an early visit to the theatre, even at seven.

The selection, however, is only justified if the vision of 1906 is extremely brief. This play is a kindly parody of the Gaiety Theatre, *consule* George Edwardes, a resuscitation of Edwardian "knuts," a *pastiche*, as it were, of vanished *pistaches*. It goes on and on and on, adorned with disappointingly small quantities of Noelish wit, and I for one was for the most part bored. Just ten minutes of it would have been fun. As for the expected feast for the eye, Mrs. Calthrop, acting, of course, under orders, has made her *décor* and costumes accurate and as pleasing as the period allows. Unfortunately the period does not allow much in this direction.

It is too remote to be smart and not remote enough to be quaintly picturesque. An operetta about Marie Antoinette or George IV can have in its costumes all the charm of antiquity. Put your chorus, as Mr. Coward does, in long skirts and motor veils and they look merely *démodé* or even dowdy.

And one word about his play-within-a-play method. There have been many examples of this, with *Pagliacci* and *Trelawney of the Wells* as the most conspicuous. These two succeeded with that method just as markedly as Mr. Coward has failed with it, not so much because Mr. Coward is neither so inspired a composer as Leoncavallo nor so good a playwright as Pinero (though that, I fear, is a fact) but because in their case the inner play is kept in its place, indeed in *Trelawney* we see only a fragment of a rehearsal. In *Operette* the inner play crops up with undue frequency and at considerable length: which prompted the conviction that if one must have so much of a musical comedy, vintage 1906, recreated in 1938, it should be at least as good as the original article, if not better. When one has enjoyed the music of Leslie Stuart, Leslie Stuart-and-soda is hardly a refreshing brew.

Mr. Coward has made one innovation—he has chosen in Mr. Griffith Jones a musical-play hero (hero of the main play, that is), who does not have to sing. Whether Mr. Jones can sing if called upon I do not know—being a Welshman it is probable that he can—but I do know that he can act. Miss Peggy Wood is the noble chorus-girl who acquiesces in the renunciation. There is nothing in Miss Wood which could ever suggest the conventional British chorus-girl of any era; she is the very epitome of calm, educated, feminine America. But she is undoubtedly noble, and so far as sincere acting and pleasant singing can contribute her performance is admirable. Miss Phyllis Monkman had but little chance to show what she could do as an Edwardian "soubrette," but did that little well. Miss Irene Vanbrugh, superb actress, whether the period be late-Victorian, Edwardian, or Neo-Georgian, was perfect in her one tantalisingly short scene.

Miss Fritzi Massary, whom I saw in Vienna when Mr. Noel Coward was in baby clothes, is a distinguished addition to that group of London's leading ladies which includes Miss Elisabeth Bergner, Miss Lucie Mannheim, and Miss Leontovitch.

"The King of Nowhere."—A new play at the Old Vic is a rare event, if not an unprecedented one. Mr. James Bridie's *The King of Nowhere* leads to—just nowhere. Yet I was not entertained any the less on that account. For Mr. Bridie always has something to say which is worth listening to, has characters to create who behave like human beings and interesting human beings at that, and has new and dramatic situations to invent.

Here, in brief, is his story. A middle-aged and very rich spinster is interrupted while at breakfast in her house in a lonely part of Scotland by a handsome young man wearing a worried look and a Garrick Club tie. He has spent the night on the moors, having escaped from a mental home. He is, in fact, a famous actor who had temporarily gone "potty" but is now, it seems, sane. Anyway, the woman puts her wealth at his disposal in order to "put the country in order" and also, apparently, to secure Scottish Home Rule. In short, she makes a dictator of him. He is good at his job as an actor but in other respects a man of almost naught, and having made a complete mess of things, goes mad again. We see him as a dictator in the last scene, dictating to fellow lunatics.

An odd, often amusing, often *macabre* play. Mr. Laurence Olivier's false heroics and general "jumpiness" as the actor were interesting and convincing, and a finely restrained study of a mental specialist came from Mr. Alexander Knox whose Scots accent, expert opinion assures me, is immaculate.

"OPERETTE" COMES TO LONDON: Fritzi Massary brings Continental charm and gaiety to the part of Liesl Haren in Noel Coward's musical show at His Majesty's

DRAMA BY THE SEA: Hugh Williams and Margaret Lockwood (foreground) in *Bank Holiday*, a new Gainsborough picture in which the incident is woven into the space of a "Bank Holiday" week-end

These six pictures, which were all reproduced magnitude of the disaster which overtook the cipal episode in the film, *In Old Chicago*

A SHAVIAN CLASSIC FOR THE SCREEN: Professor Philip Czettel, from the Vienna State Opera, who is designing the costumes for the film version of Shaw's *Pygmalion*, fitting Wendy Hiller with one of the gowns she will wear as Eliza Dolittle, the dustman's daughter. She co-stars with Leslie Howard

"NATURE MORTE": AN UNUSUAL STUDY IN STILL LIFE BY GLUCK

This delicately detailed work, recently placed on exhibition at the Fine Art Society's galleries, and since bought by Mrs. Anthony Norman, is of particular interest to botanical students in that it shows a wide variety of grasses, each painted with meticulous accuracy, but combining to make a picture of rare aesthetic appeal

"THE COAST AT VILLERS-SUR-MER": BY DOMINIQUE PEYRONNET

A stylised seascape, the subject of much attention at this artist's one-man show being held in Paris

NEW YORK'S "KNICKERBOCKER GREYS"

A Part-Militant and Part-Social Boys Brigade, Drawing Its Recruits From The City's Old Families, Holds Its Annual Drill and Dance

STEPPING OUT: Cadet Captain E. Blair Hawley, one of the leaders of the Knickerbocker Greys, dancing with golden-haired Ann Hagerty at the ball held in the 7th Regiment Armoury, New York, after the boys had given their annual exhibition drill in the presence of parents and friends. The Greys, which were founded fifty years ago, form a part-militant and part-social youth organisation, the members mostly belonging to old New York families, hence the affix "Knickerbocker". They enjoy themselves immensely, and, incidentally, learn sound discipline

CADET CAPTAIN RODERICK, a leading light in the Knickerbocker Greys and one of seven brothers who at varying times have been members, pictured with his young sister, Jane, at the annual exhibition drill held in the 7th Regiment Armoury, New York. The boys have a really smart uniform consisting of white duck trousers, peaked cap (with plumes for the officers), and a well-cut military tunic

PROUD PRIVATE PETER WILKINSON with his father at the Greys' annual display and (*above on left*) boys at the present during the drill exhibition in which they demonstrated their prowess

Above and on left and right—HOT RHYTHM: Boys of the Knickerbocker Greys dancing with their young guests at the ball held after their display in the Armoury. It is always an eagerly awaited annual event

WHILE THE SAGE LISTENED: The Countess of Oxford and Asquith engaged in animated conversation with film star Wendy Hiller, and between them the familiar, white-bearded countenance of Bernard Shaw. They were guests at the Pinewood Club luncheon, held to inaugurate the filming of G. B. S.'s play, *Pygmalion*, in which Wendy Hiller is taking the part of Eliza Dolittle

MAKING ONE OF HER RARE PUBLIC APPEARANCES, Queen Marie of Yugoslavia, mother of King Peter, visited the Tivoli Cinema last week to see *In Old Chicago*

A LUSTY YELL TO GREET A BRAVE NEW WORLD: Film star Anna Lee, wife of Director Robert (*Tudor Rose*) Stevenson, with her new-born baby daughter, Joanna

PERSONALIA

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

HE COLLIDED WITH HITLER

Kurt Ludecke's Story of the Nazi Party's Birth Pangs and His Own Rise and Fall

By VERNON FANE

BEING a citizen of a yet surviving democracy I am still free to say that I view all writings about Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini, and even the lesser fry among the Dictators with the disquiet that comes of the feeling that none is disinterested enough to earn my complete respect. Behind each, I am well aware, looms a formidable Ministry of Propaganda backed by a secret police; in opposition are the emigrés, the counter-revolutionaries, and the victims of the oppressive force by which the modern totalitarian State is governed.

The lives of the three gentlemen mentioned above have yet to run their appointed course; the final verdict of history will be concerned not only with how they lived but how they died. The book I am here reviewing is called **I KNEW HITLER** (Jarrolds. 10s. 6d.) and it is written by a man with a grievance, a man who was once Hitler's friend and later his "personal prisoner," a man who was lucky enough to escape the bloody "purge" of 1934; a man who is fortunate to be alive to tell his tale.

Herr Kurt G. W. Ludecke begins by telling how, in 1922, Count Reventlow first introduced him to Adolf Hitler. "We had been talking for over four hours. Solemnly clasping hands, we sealed the pact. I had given him my soul." The picture is not an inspiring one: "perspiring, dishevelled in his dirty trench-coat, his hair plastered against his brow, his face pale, his nostrils distended." Why, then, this spontaneous soul bestowing? "Everything", we learn, "dwelt behind his eyes."

From the events ensuing it becomes plain that Ludecke indeed became Hitler's friend, that he was actively engaged in every step of the movement which swept that remarkable personality into power and was there to see the day when not one man, nor a collection of men, but a whole nation gave him its soul.

In the early days Ludecke became Hitler's principal foreign emissary; he interviewed Mussolini just before his bid for power and found himself interceding with a very different Mussolini a year or two after the march on Rome. He went to America with a bid for support on a programme described as "Anti-Semitism: Model T" which is the title for a chapter on how he drew a blank from Henry Ford. He drew equal blanks in London and in Paris. With Roehm, Rosenberg, and Julius Streicher ("the scourge of the Jews") he threw himself into the reorganisation of the Nazi party after Hitler's term of imprisonment. The movement grew, Ludecke went on another American mission, returned to find party dissensions but the Hitler "luck" on the ascendant. Then followed the burning of the Reichstag and the inevitable coup. Power at last.

Ludecke, with his gift of languages, his knowledge of English and peculiarity of American conditions, soon became an important "salesman" of Nazidom abroad. Some idea of his mentality at the time can be gathered from the following:—

"The anti-Nazi atrocity stories in foreign countries were increasingly distressing. . . . Now it must be stressed that, strange as it may seem, both Rosenberg and I were then *convinced* that the atrocity stories were perfidious lies; we didn't even think it necessary to investigate."

But all was not well within the victorious party: Roehm, Strasser, Karl Ernst on the one hand were intriguing against Göring, Goebbels and Himmler on the other. Ludecke was beginning to be outspoken in his criticisms of some of the leaders. Suddenly Göring swooped and Ludecke found himself arrested by the dread Gestapo, Göring's own secret police. Only an appeal direct to Hitler could save him—and it did. But not for long. Ludecke began to press for a full inquiry and rehabilitation. He tackled Hitler personally. "He looked at me with an expression of surprise, anger, and impatience. Did his almost feminine intuition sense that contempt which I did not like to admit even to myself? With an abrupt 'As you wish—I'll see,' he hurried away. That was the last I ever saw of him."

Hitler's answer to that look of contempt was to have him arrested. As Hitler's "personal prisoner" he tasted life in concentration camps, and saw with his own eyes and himself endured some of the "treatment" he once refused to believe. Subsequently, with the help of Roehm, he succeeded in escaping to Czechoslovakia and thence to America.

Here then is the story of a man who, in his own words, "collided with Hitler" and who claims that "there are no sour grapes drooping over my story".

It is the story of a politician who from the motive of the moment played the wrong card and was lucky to escape its consequences with his life. It is also a full and at times dramatic portrait (for the author has writing gifts above the ordinary) of the most remarkable and certainly the most powerful man in the world to-day.

After teaching zoology for two and a half years in the Mile End Road Mr. Dick Ommanney decided that a change was due to him, and he set about arranging for it. When the change came it was as complete as could be imagined. Mr. Ommanney had applied for a vacancy on the *Discovery* expedition, on the scientific staff, and he had been successful. He sailed for the Antarctic in 1929 feeling with some satisfaction that however difficult and dirty his job might be, at least his first M.B. class could assemble without him. "Someone else should instil the dog-fish, the frog, and the rabbit. I should never see those drawings made at Ilfracombe in the long vacation."

SOUTH LATITUDE (Longmans Green. 9s. 6d.), the record of his experiences over several years in Antarctica, proves two things conclusively. First that the work that he was allotted was in fact dirty, even nauseating, and second that Mr. Ommanney is a born writer and has produced a volume of outstanding merit.

It was his work to examine the whalers' catch every day, at the whaling station in South Georgia to which he was first posted. This examination included the taking of measurements, and more particularly of specimens of the whales' intestines and of reporting on their condition. All this work had to be performed at high speed while the animal was being cut up for blubber, in intense cold and in a kind of foetid shambles.

"In all our movements we had to be exceedingly careful since the whole place became, as the morning went on, a maze of criss-cross wires flicking and tightening, whirling lumps of flesh, intestines, skulls and backbones from one end to the other. The din of the rattling and hissing steam winches and the machine gun rat-tat-tat of the blubber hopper were deafening. Blood and muck flowed in rivulets and cascades, and the sea around the 'plan' became bright crimson, . . . Occasionally I have come near ruination by the upward flick of a wire just as I was stepping across it. Sometimes I have stepped upon a slippery lump of flesh or a slithery cushion of tongue tissue and gone sprawling upon my face."

In the southern summer, Mr. Ommanney worked at this whaling station, and in boats using the near-by whaling and sealing grounds. In the winter he was apt to be sent to Durban where the whale industry flourishes in rather different surroundings. Just before the Christmas of 1935, however, the *Discovery II* sailed from Melbourne on a different kind of expedition. They were to try to find the American airman, Lincoln Ellsworth, who had started to fly from Graham Land across the Antarctic continent for 2,000 miles to Little America, Admiral Byrd's old base camp. After a last wireless message of "Still clear. No wind," there had been silence, silence which had lasted for a month before the *Discovery* was called upon to go to the rescue.

Ellsworth was found. He greeted the little party with a smiling "Pleased to meet you," and he and his rescuers were received with civic acclaim at Melbourne. "My," said Ellsworth, "I certainly feel dressed up. Do you think there'll be speeches?" . . . Through glasses the hinterland of Williamstown could be seen rippling with a shifting mass of colour like an herbaceous border in midsummer. Packed thousands awaited us. "Yes," I said, "I really am rather afraid there will be speeches."

In all the book there is no conscious attempt to make "characters." The sailors, the fellow biologists, the Norwegian and Portuguese whalers are described as Mr. Ommanney found them. Luckily for us he has a very vivid and personal reaction to other people and the ability to convey it. His attitude to his own work is equally interesting. He never seems to be carried away by the kind of scientific enthusiasms that I had imagined would make the worst jobs bearable. For most of the time he seems to regard his work as unpleasant but essential. Sometimes he appears actually revolted by it.

In writing of the discomforts of such a life Mr. Ommanney again does the unexpected thing. He by no means ignores them; in fact he is far from being the conventional stoic of these circumstances. But he writes of them in such a way that while one can picture the scene with its extreme of physical misery one is left with the feeling that it is all right because of the spirit in which it is endured.

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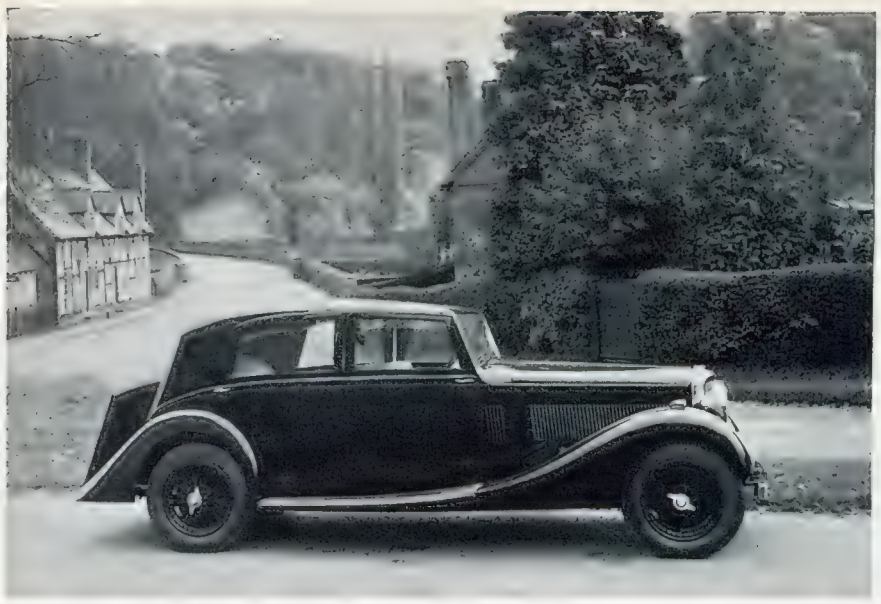

QUIET DIGNITY: One of the latest examples of the Alvis 25-h.p. Crested Eagle limousines. The setting is the picturesque village of Stoneleigh on Lord Leigh's estate

THE BIRTH OF A BABY RAILTON

A Famous Firm's Venture into the Small Car Market and Other Matters of Motoring Interest

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

FOR many years the Railton car has been on the market. It has built up for itself a reputation as a vehicle with terrific acceleration, to say nothing of a very fine all-out speed. When we remember that Mr. Reid A. Railton, whose name the car bears, is responsible for John Cobb's Napier-Railton car and had much to do with Sir Malcolm Campbell's record breaking *Blue Bird*, it is not surprising that the Railton car is one which most motorists find difficult to catch.

Within the last few months a baby Railton has been born. It boasts of a 4-cylinder 10-h.p. engine; nothing very outstanding about such a power unit for there are many cars with similar engines, but no one who catches a glimpse of this 10-h.p. Railton can restrain himself from having a second look, the reason being that it undoubtedly is one of the nicest looking small cars that have ever been offered to the British public. Up to the moment it is made with two types of body, a coupé and a saloon. I have had an opportunity of driving both and I found that their performances are practically identical.

Driving one of these cars brought back memories of the early moments of motoring when one arrived at an hotel with a new car. In those days everybody was an enthusiast and gathered round the moment the car stopped. Whilst at the wheel of this 10-h.p. Railton I noticed people stopping on the pavements, and drivers approaching me on the road certainly had their attention diverted.

As regards performance, I should say the most outstanding feature is the ability of the car to surmount really severe gradients on top gear. Although the car has a four-speed gearbox I found that top gear was all I required except when starting off from a standstill. As regards all-out speed I found that the speedometer needle would go round past the 70-m.p.h. mark and, although I did not test the accuracy of this instrument, it did not give me the impression that it was more flattering to the car's speed than that found on the average vehicle. The steering is nice and the brakes are really excellent; the springing was, if anything, a trifle on the harsh side, but probably a little adjustment on the shock absorbers might improve matters.

The coachwork is definitely in the luxury class where small cars are concerned. The bodies are coach-built, are very nicely equipped, and have most pleasing and distinctive lines. Altogether a very interesting and delightful small car.

Returning from Cambridge the other week-end I came across three cars or vans which had shed a back wheel each. It was certainly very extraordinary to come across so many examples of what one might term "an unusual mishap." On one occasion I was nearly involved in the incident myself. I was approaching traffic lights at one of the main cross-roads on the Barnet by-pass and was only just about 20 ft. away from the lights which were against me when a tradesman's van, which had the right of way, was just about to cross in front when its near-side rear wheel came off and crossed in front of me missing my car by 8 or 10 ft. After passing my car it jumped a hedge and went straight into a petrol filling station. Needless to say I was very interested, particularly as I got such a good uninterrupted view of the performance, and, as I said before, I came across two other similar examples, although I did not see the wheels come off.

To me, a mechanic or driver who fits on a wheel and forgets to tighten it up is deserving of more than censure, in fact almost imprisonment. Such carelessness not only endangers the driver of the vehicle in question but creates a menace to a large number of other road users. It must not be forgotten that a wheel coming off a car travelling even at 30 m.p.h. can play havoc with anything it meets and, of course, if the speed is higher than the legal limit its effect is almost like that of a torpedo. I have seen a car completely wrecked by the spare wheel detaching itself from another car approaching in the opposite direction and I must say I hope I never see such an accident again.

The R.A.C. has let it be known that, in their opinion, the "Halt" sign is unnecessary. Briefly, they have come to their conclusion on three grounds. Firstly, because a "Halt" sign is apt to make drivers ignore the other familiar sign "Slow—Major Road Ahead." Secondly, the R.A.C. feel that any sign such as that labelled "Halt" seeks to remove from the driver the use of his judgment and discretion; and thirdly, they dislike it because its presence creates a technical offence irrespective of any absence of consequences from its disobedience. Undoubtedly, there is much to be said for the R.A.C. point of view but I do not think I agree with it. The objections they have raised against it are sound but until some other means are devised to prevent irresponsible drivers coming out at speed from unimportant side roads we must continue to have the "Halt" sign.

Personally I am not a bit perturbed that the police institute proceedings against motorists who ignore the instruction on the sign. If these signs are placed in the right position and only when the vision from the side road is completely obstructed, I think they serve a useful purpose, and anyone who ignores them deserves what he gets. In actual fact a "Halt" sign differs very little

(Continued on page 524)

CECIL KIMBER ON INDIVIDUALITY

When I first started producing the M.G. car I did it because I thought other folk would share my desire to own something distinctive.

A car a little different and a little better in appearance and in performance.

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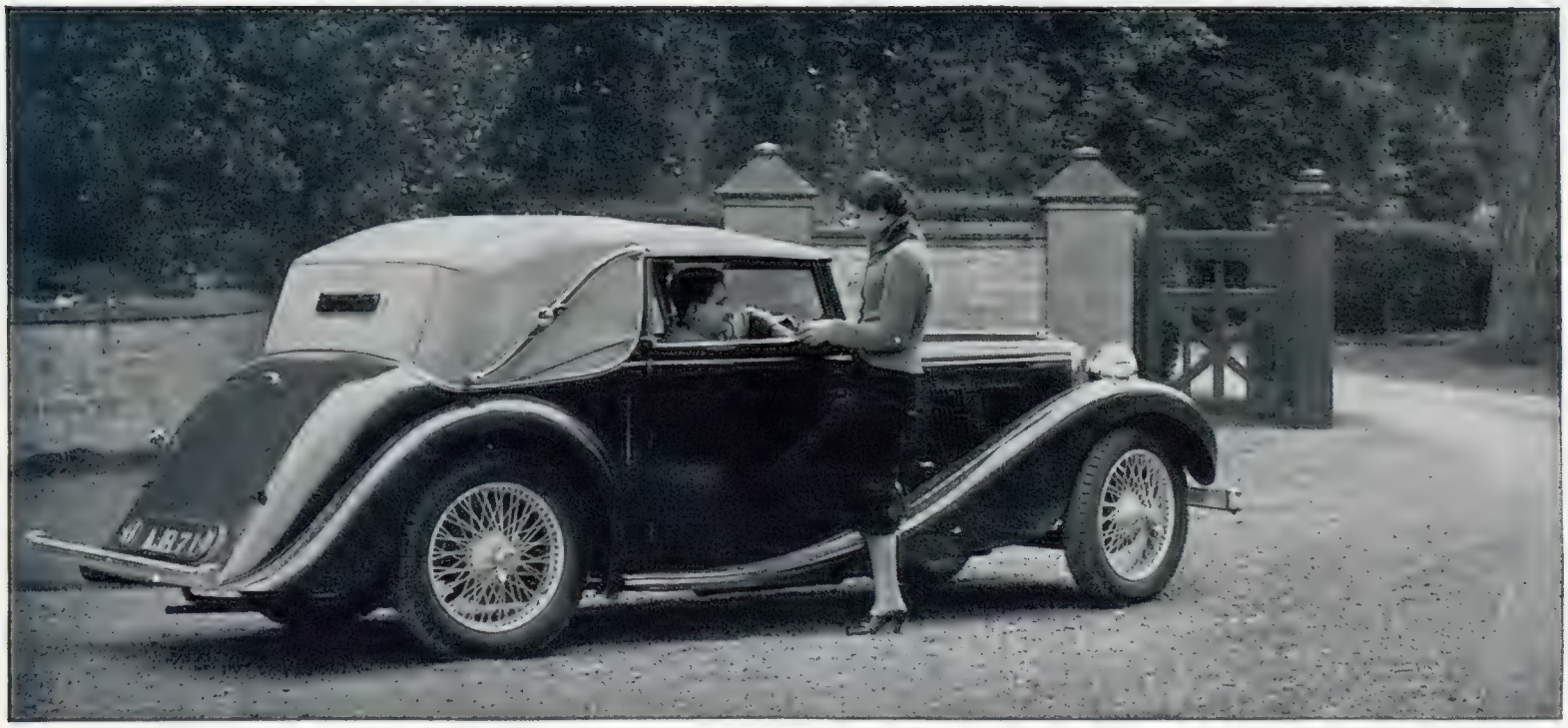
Try one some time and you'll see what I mean.

Cecil Kimber

MANAGING DIRECTOR OF M.G. CARS



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(Continued from page 522)

from the familiar red, orange, and green traffic lights. The sign, as it were, always shows red and brings the driver to a standstill; the moment his wheels have come to rest the orange and green lights figuratively come on, a combination which I realise is not used in the ordinary way, but it signifies to the driver that he may now proceed but to do so with caution. Although I may be expressing an unpopular opinion I would like to see far more of these "Halt" signs, but their positions must be very carefully chosen.

The R.A.C. is rather afraid that the "Slow—Major Road Ahead" sign will be ignored if the "Halt" signs are made a permanent feature of our highways. They are probably quite correct, but they will only be ignored by the people who will always ignore them whether there are "Halt" signs or not. It is doubtful whether this type of person can be pulled up by any sign which asks him to use discretion and judgment. A red light or the word "Halt" are about the only things that will make him come to a standstill.

Once again I have to report that the perfect car has again been perfected. The latest example of a 30-h.p. Rolls-Royce is definitely better than that of twelve months ago. I have tried hard to discover where the difference arises. Outwardly the two chassis are identical but the new one is definitely an advance on the old model. The old car had completed more than 23,000 miles and I think, if anything, it was running more perfectly when I gave it up than when I first took delivery. This lasting quality is perhaps the most outstanding of a Rolls-Royce chassis. In the life of a Rolls-Royce a mileage such as this is infinitesimal and I doubt if there is any other car in the world which can compare with this British product in this respect.

After I have driven the new car for a few months I propose writing some more about it because there are one or two features which have been incorporated that I would like to enlarge upon, but until I can see how they work out in practice I will refrain from mentioning them.

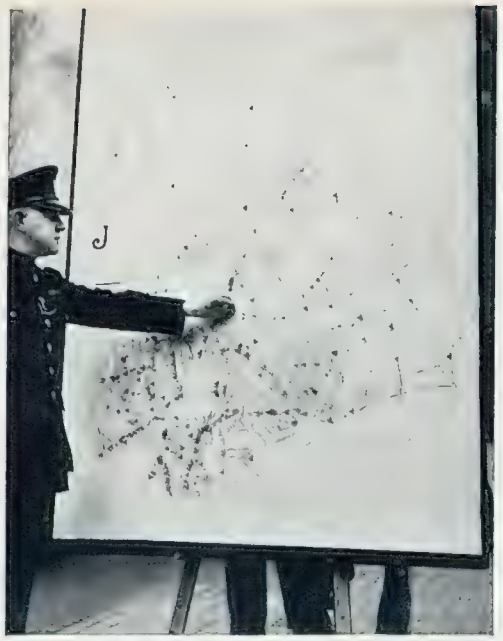
There is no doubt that the great firm of Hoopers create wonderful coachwork and I should think that their bodies are as long lasting as the best chassis on which they are mounted, but in watching my body being made it did occur to me that it should be possible to make a really high-class super coachwork much lighter than is now the case and perhaps cheapen its cost. There is also the thought that perhaps bodies as turned out by a firm, such as the one in question, are really too good.

I have no idea what the life of a Hooper body may be but I feel quite convinced that it will stand up to its work pleasantly for at least twenty-five years and so I wonder if people really want a body to last this time. The trouble is that ideas and fashions change and so in twenty-five years the body though still sound must of necessity become old fashioned.

The only way to lighten bodies is to employ different materials, and perhaps other methods of construction. I am not a coachbuilder and, therefore, cannot make any useful detailed suggestions but I think that in the future the all-metal body will become universal but it will be something very much better and more pleasing than the American type which is practically stamped out of one piece of metal.

The Hooper body is a close-coupled saloon of the same type as I had on my last car. Although it is some three inches higher actually it looks lower than the old one. There may be many points in design which tend to give this impression, but to me the result is achieved by breaking up the rolling sweeping lines at the back by a moulding. In other words, in this latest example the tendency to over-streamline is dropped with beneficial effects.

I would like to make a real protest against the practice of the road authorities allowing the kerbs of footpaths to become invisible at night time. Only the other day on the road between Royston and Baldock I very nearly had an accident. The footpath was tarmacked the same as the road and a high kerb must have been tarsprayed by accident. The result was that on rounding a curve I almost struck the invisible kerb thinking that the footpath was part of the road. In some places the road authority have constructed a kerb with small reflector lights incorporated in the edging. This is an excellent plan and I hope that the Ministry of Transport will encourage its further adoption.



ANOTHER ACCIDENT: A police inspector pinning a flag on a map of Hackney at the point where the collision occurred

CHECKING ROAD ACCIDENTS

A New Method Now in Operation in the Metropolitan Police Area, "J" Division

THE Metropolitan Police are creating a further drive in making the roads safe for you. This is being done by a system of flags which the police have been experimenting with for some time.

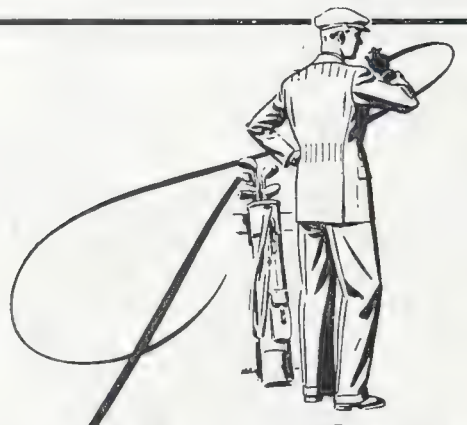
The picture shows an inspector pinning a small, coloured flag on a large scale-map of "J" Division. Each flag tells a grim story and signifies the scene of an accident.

All the flags are of different colours; each one having its own particular meaning. For instance, a red flag with a white knob indicates that a pedestrian has been involved in a serious accident; a black flag with a blue knob, that a cyclist has been killed; a pink flag with a red knob, that a motorist has been involved in a slight accident. Blue-knobbed flags are in majority on the map, with white ones a very close second. There are unfortunately a number of black flags.

The complete list is: black flag, fatal; red, serious; pink, slight; white knob, pedestrian; blue, cyclist; red, motorist; orange, miscellaneous. All the flags have times on them, some little notes. One white flag with a pink knob bears the inscription, "Man fell, leading horse and cart." Ominous looking flags are those bearing a black tip. These are cases of which the police have made fuller investigation—called "Processing"—sometimes meaning prosecution.

For a preliminary trial, it was found necessary to clear the map approximately every three months as the number of flags grows rapidly every week, and at the end of that period these have to be taken off to make way for fresh ones. The whole scheme, which is more or less in its infancy, appears to be working satisfactorily. Statistics prove at least in the Hackney Police area that the number of accidents has been considerably less. It is hoped by this method that the menace of the roads will be brought into check. Much depends on the public to help the police in this matter.

W. B.



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THE LEAGUE AND THE WORLD POWERS

(*Continued from page* 503)

Japan promptly resigned from the League, and sent her troops southward into Jehol. It was made plain to the world that a Great Power could flout the League, unless its members were able and willing to risk another Armageddon. The lesson was not lost upon disgruntled Governments. Less than a month before Japan's resignation, Hitler had come to power in Germany. In October, 1933, the League was curtly informed by telegram of Germany's withdrawal in consequence of the refusal to grant her equality of armaments. There remained now only Great Britain, France, and Italy among the Great Powers on the League; and of these Great Britain was disarmed, France was fearful of Germany, and Italy . . .

But before Italy stepped out of the Genevan forum Russia joined it, so that at the close of 1934 in the words of the nursery rhyme, "and now there were four". Not for long, however. In March 1935 Germany proclaimed her re-armament, and thus made public her repudiation of the military clauses of the Versailles Treaty. This was rapidly followed by the signing of a Pact between France and Russia. Italy's time had come. In October, 1935, her massed divisions swept over the Abyssinian border, "and (practically speaking) now there were three".

Italy provided the test case. Japan, reasonable people urged, had worsted the League because she was so remote; but Italy, on the other hand, was almost at Geneva's doorstep. Now or never the League must act. The results of its apprehensive efforts are too memorable to need repeating. Italy not only defied the League, but survived sanctions, and transformed the League into the "Geneva Entente".

To-day, the Covenant stands as the ideal rather than the basis of international relations. When the Spanish war broke out in July 1936, it was not the League but the Non-Intervention Committee that was entrusted with the task of preventing hostilities from spreading beyond Spain. Equally, to-day, the peace of Europe is being sought by direct conversations between the Great Powers. It is they alone who could have made the League a going concern; and, until they choose to do so, the League must limit itself to cherishing the ideals for which it stands.

"LOST HORIZON" IN THE PYRENEES

(*Continued from page* 504)

that the tiny Republic is a channel of arms smuggling into Spain. The thing is laughable for anyone who knows the nature of the mountains. On the other hand, Andorra has all along been a channel for escaping Spaniards, mainly from the Government side. Mostly young men wishing to avoid military service, these fugitives go through terrible suffering and privation, even in summer. When they succeed in reaching Andorra—when—their feet are dreadful to behold, they are parched and starving, their clothes in tatters. But most often they are spotted by the Governmentals and either potted or taken and immediately shot.

"Twelve successfully arrived in Andorra only a week ago, but in what a state! Like all who now get through, they were immediately sent to France and given 48 hours in which to decide which side they choose to be sent to, in Spain. Nearly all chose Franco. You ask what of the Andorrans' sympathies? That is easy. They will be for the side that wins. These peasants are completely engrossed by matters of self-interest; hard and grasping, no matter how charming on the surface. They care little for either side in Spain. For centuries the Andorrans have played off, one against the other, their two powerful neighbours; betrayed these. They are doing no less now. To Colonel Baulard, they complain of the Spaniards. To the Spaniards, they complain of the French presence. I cannot see how there could be any change in Andorra, whoever wins. The French President will continue to receive his £7 a year, and the returned Bishop (if Franco wins) his appanage of £41.

"You may say that France now attaches too much strategic value to Andorra, to yield an inch—apart from the French money that has been sunk in the little Republic. We have learnt a bitter lesson in this respect from Italian neglect of the Djibuti-Addis Ababa railway. French property or exploited enterprises are, where possible, best guarded by French nationals.

"The Andorrans officially get on cordially with our 'army of occupation' which spends largely, in the local sense, in addition to affording protection to the locals, enabling these to carry on with their agriculture and tobacco growing, to say nothing of tending their terrible-to-eat izard or goat, national dish. As for Colonel Baulard, he has been made a citizen of honour. Frequently he organises parades and route marches of his Gardes Mobiles, or presents decorations to these, to the admiration of the inhabitants. The Andorrans themselves supply six gendarmes. There are no warring Spaniards of either hue in Andorra."

To which one may be permitted to add—"Not Yet."

CONSECRATING A JEWISH LAW SCROLL

The scene in the synagogue at Willesden Green, London, as members of the Jewish congregation, singing the Psalms of David, processed three times round the building during the ceremony of consecrating a new Law Scroll (Old Testament) which is being carried by the second figure in the line. A Scroll takes about a year to write, and its completion is always a very notable event

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A Linen Sale will be held at 56, Queen's Gate, S.W.7., on Tuesday, April 5, from 11 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. in aid of the above Society. In addition to the Linen Stall, there will be a Stationery and a Miscellaneous Stall. Please help this Society to maintain and train its 1,200 poor boys and girls by going along and taking as many friends as you can. If you are unable to go, please send a donation to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2., from which address all donations will be gratefully acknowledged.

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The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

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Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Beaulieu (New Forest).—Montagu Arms. Tel.324
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
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Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
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Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
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Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
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Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
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Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Mudeford.—Avonmouth Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath.—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
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Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
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Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—The Red House.
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Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

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Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl. Crook. AA.R.A.C.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Constance, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748 9.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Strathpeffer.—Highland Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
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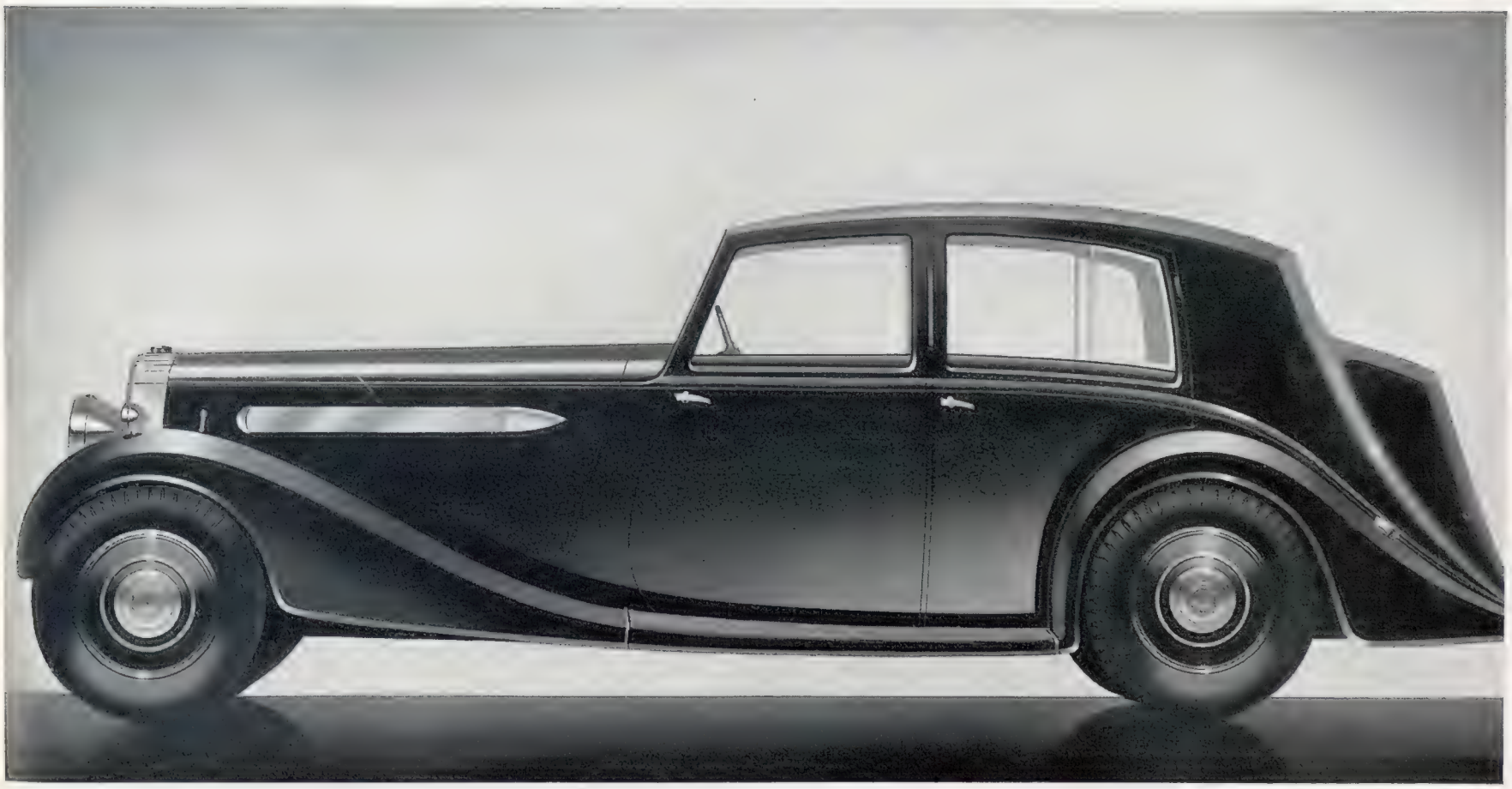

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BRITISH glass and its practical development in the domestic scheme provides the theme of this year's Ideal Home Exhibition. Glass, from the simplest products of our great national industry to the great technical triumphs of artists in glasswork, are represented.

Dominating the Great Hall is the Glass House, the design for which won the *Daily Mail* £100 prize for two young architectural students working in collaboration. Fabulous as it sounds it is a really workmanlike and workable home. Glistening walls of glass bricks (substantial and opaque) give the house the appearance of a lovely summer villa set among flowers and trees. The accommodation comprises three bedrooms, a living-room with open fireplace, a dining-room, and kitchen and all essential modern equipment.

Another fascinating exhibit is the Glass Age Exhibition Train which after travelling up and down the country to demonstrate the development of glass in decoration has come to rest at Olympia. On the outside the train has been completely covered with segments of flexible glass. Thousands upon thousands of small mirror glass panels make it a sort of steam Cinderella's coach. Inside the coaches have been adapted as rooms and decorated by a well-known architect with glass in all its most modern and unexpected forms. Glass walls, glass floors, fireplaces, and furniture are shown to be beautiful and practical in every sense.

Whoever first thought of synchronising this great exhibition with spring was well inspired. No likelier moment could be found to lure the home lover into adventurous paths. The recklessness that comes with early sunshine; the longing to put away winter and array the home in fresh and colourful attire is irresistible before the offerings of Olympia come to tempt us. This year, impossible as it seems in the light of what has gone before, the show is bigger and better than ever.

If your interests are deeply laid in the welfare of your home the exhibition offers something you must not miss. Whatever your circumstances it has something to teach. It is the meeting place of inspiration and progress. It is the centre of authority in domestic science. Whether you go there to spend money or merely to lay plans for the future a visit is an insurance and an education. Not that the interest or the fun is confined to things domestic. There is a feast of entertainment for all ages and tastes.

A Temple of Fitness is being organised by the National Fitness Council in co-operation with the Board of Education, and there 500 people at a time will be able to watch the changing brilliance of swirling colours in lively traditional dances. Each day, too, famous doctors will speak about such vital matters as commonsense cooking, the dangers of slimming, safe motherhood, and the health of children.

Insulight glass bricks are used here for one wall to create an atmosphere of space and to give more light in a small hall. They are substantial and opaque, and from the outside give the house a delicately lovely appearance, particularly if it is surrounded by trees

Glass need not look cold. Here a decorative surround, built up of thick silvered plates with heraldic motifs deeply sandblast and indirectly illuminated by tango reflectors is part of a scheme completed by floor tiles of dull grey silvered glass with an inlay of tango vitrolite

A cocktail bar in the Glass Age Exhibition Train. The illuminated ceiling is composed of alternate panels of clear and silvered prismatic glass, the bar counter has insulight glass corner bricks topped with thick roughcast plate glass, partly silvered with illuminated motifs, and the walls are of cadmium vitrolite which is inlaid in the design of the ivory glass floor

The House of the Seven Dwarfs, reproduced from Walt Disney's original conception in the film *Snow White*, is a delight to children and grown-ups. Built from sketches by Disney the crazy little house has white stucco and black timbered walls, a thatched roof, and shuttered windows. Inside there are twisted "barley sugar" pillars, a witch's cauldron in the dining-room, and furniture of the "Disney" period.

Elsewhere you can inspect relics of royal childhood from the nursery of Queen Victoria at Windsor. This is in the section styled "Grandmama's Ideal Home." Many rare and valuable souvenirs have been collected, and in each room models wear costumes of the period.

Amateur detectives and lovers of crime stories will delight in the mystery rooms. There are eight of them, created by Dennis Wheatley, whose ingenious detective dossiers, *Murder off Miami* and *Who Killed Robert Prentice?* have won world-wide fame. Each of the rooms is designed and furnished in a manner appropriate to the tastes and career of some man or woman who has achieved prominence in literature, politics, art, sport, or on the stage or screen in this century. A liberal number of clues point to the identity of the supposed owner, and visitors can exercise their powers of observation in competition for cash prizes.

For garden lovers there is the famous Annex where a series of garden landscapes conceived by popular writers have been reproduced by the great garden specialists. Against the background of a thatched cottage and a village church the garden made famous by Beverley Nichols in *Down the Garden Path* is portrayed. Dr. Cronin has expressed his idea of what a garden should be with a background of rolling downland, softly undulating lawns adrift with daffodils and a small pond with a gatehouse leading through an opening in a lichen covered wall.

Sir Hugh Walpole has drawn upon the quiet grandeur of Cumberland for inspiration. The result is a peaceful and intimate bower in which a pool with fountains and rose beds and a summerhouse roofed with Cumberland slates are enclosed in a plantation of flowering shrubs. Gilbert Frankau, Eleanor Smith, A. E. W. Mason, Rafael Sabatini, and others are represented in the gardens of the authors. Each setting is different, each lovely and expressive in a striking way of the personality of the man or woman responsible.

The gardens are, as always, a delight, and this year, those who have regularly been to the exhibition will find a new interest because the halls have been entirely replanned. The result is a totally fresh attractiveness that brings back, and magically multiplies, all the thrills of a first visit.

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THE HOCK COUNTRY: A view looking across the Rhine from beautiful Bingen to the terraced vineyards of Rudesheim

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

What to See IN GERMANY

A Land Abundantly Endowed by Nature : The Lure of the Rhine

IT does not matter what the particular interest of the traveller may be, Germany has much to show him. Primarily endowed with an abundance of nature's gifts it has in the course of the centuries built up great traditions and in recent years has added something else. The new phase, the development of a different kind of State, is still in process of evolution and is an absorbing study for those whose travel interests are in the direction of social and economic conditions. It certainly is not without its influence on things so fundamental as scenery.

For instance, one of the great achievements of this industrious people inspired by new ideals is the creation of a network of Reich motor roads planned with the greatest possible regard to the beauties of the country, while facilitating the movements of the people and making more accessible some of the most famous sights in Europe. The outstanding feat in this direction is the Alpine road through the mountains which will ultimately be over 300 miles in length, from the Königsee to Lake Constance. Others are planned for the Black Forest and Thuringian Forest. We see the national enthusiasm too in the new building schemes, progressive railway improvements and in many other ways.

Yet with all this Germany is dearest to the hearts of many for the beauties of the Rhine, the forests, old Heidelberg and all that. Many travellers from this country do not penetrate far across the western frontier. It is a pity, for the country has so many other things to offer. Yet, for those with not much time to spare I know no place giving more generous return than the Rhineland. There is an atmosphere of romance about the valley, the scene of the national epic Siegfried and Kriemhilde, and legends connected with the dignified old towns and villages scattered along the river banks, or with the frowning rocks and ivy clad ancient strongholds on the heights are without number.

If you are physically equal to it I can imagine no better way of doing the Rhine than on foot, a method adopted by some of the organised tourist parties. You get much more of the atmosphere that way, but alas, so many of us are content with the comfort and tranquillity of the river steamers which make quicker work of it and provide a constantly changing panorama. Each year new spots in the valley seem to be "discovered," for instance, we are now hearing more of Godesberg and Königswinter.

The Rhine so dominates this part of the world that we hear all too little of some of the beautiful streams which feed it. The Neckar for one; and on it Heidelberg. Is there any place in Germany which has more magnetism than this old town, but with its hundreds of thousands of visitors year after year it does not seem to lose any of its charm. There are many other places to see on the Neckar—Tubingen the Swabian University town, venerable Lauffen and Rottenburg, and what about a peep into the oldest sparkling wine cellars in Germany at Esslingen? There is a danger of the Rhine valley monopolising this article and I want to push on to the Black Forest, which should come into the itinerary of any traveller in Western Germany. This strip of forest, 100 miles long, is the home of delightful folk living in picturesque old houses and within its limits are some very interesting towns. Freiburg stands out: an episcopal see for nearly a thousand years and a university town for about half that time. It preserves many treasures of antiquity and gives the opportunity by a modern device of getting a wonderful view of the country. There is a wire rope railway up to Schauinsland more than 4,000 ft. high, and from there you can see in the distance the blue line of the Vosges and higher still the Alpine peaks, Matterhorn and Mont Blanc, pierce the sky line. From the sea of green below you rises the dominating height of the Black Forest, the Feldberg, where winter sports go on until well into the spring.

TOWNS OF BAVARIA AND THE BLACK FOREST: *Left*—The Rathaus at Rothenburg an der Tauber and *(right)* the market place at Freiburg; both places of deep interest to the tourist in search of German atmosphere

Good health is the key note of the Black Forest for not only is the air aromatic from the firs and pines but at many places health-giving springs gush from the rocks. One of the most famous spas in the world, Baden-Baden, is in the forest and it has twenty of these hot springs. This centre of international social life is spa, town, and park in one. There is a southern splendour about its parks and the Lichtentaler Allee is a very wonderful avenue of trees.

Let us look back down the Rhine for a moment at some of the other spas. At Coblenz you are only 10 miles from Bad Ems on the river Lahn and from it are easily accessible the finest parts of the Rhine, between Coblenz and Bingen. Ems is a well-cared for place and an excellent centre for excursions to the hills of the Taunus and Westerwald. Another is Wiesbaden, enjoying by reason of its sheltered position on the southern slopes of the Taunus, almost perfect climatic conditions. Many of the larger hotels and bathing establishments have private springs and in this resort is a spring famed among spas, the Kochbrunnen. Also enjoying the shelter of the same hills is Bad Nauheim not far from Frankfort-on-Main.

From the Black Forest you may elect to make for the Bavarian Alps which abound in scenery and interest and if you go that way you should not miss Augsburg, older and a little more sedate than Munich not so far away. Through its handsome buildings it preserves an almost unchanged picture of the German metropolis of the Middle Ages. Hans Holbein the Younger and Mozart were born there and it can show you the oldest stained glass in the world.

Then making your way through Nürnberg and Bayreuth to Dresden you will ultimately tackle Berlin with its inexhaustible interests, old and new. Or, going more directly north, you will find in Hanover a centre of particular interest to the people of this country. The term "Hanoverian Succession" means next to nothing to the present generation but I am sure their interest would be stirred by the Rose of England, the Thistle of Scotland, and the Shamrock of Ireland worked into the designs in the beautiful inlaid floors of the castle church. The public records office of the town contains many valuable documents relating to the English succession, but leaving all that to the historians you will find the city and surroundings of outstanding beauty, yet not living on its dazzling past for in the new part enterprise and development are busy. In Hanover you will hear the best German spoken and sense the atmosphere of its great cultural tradition. For the traveller Hanover is perhaps the finest strategic centre in all Germany.

Next time you might explore the coast lines, the North Sea and the Baltic. You will find plenty to interest and amuse.

Beverley Brooke

NATURE IN DRAMATIC MOOD, coupled with the imagination of the architect, wrought this scene at Kochem by the banks of the Moselle, where the castle rises sheer above the river on terraced slopes clad with vines. A typically romantic glimpse of the Rhine Province

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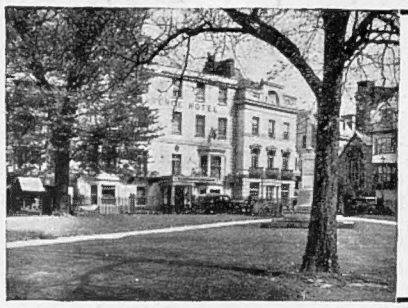

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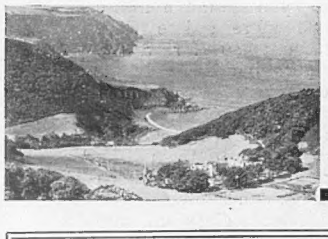

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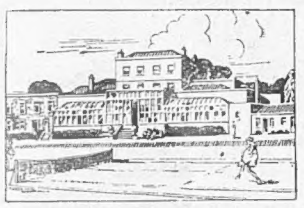

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GROVE HALL, TWYFORD, Berks.

In Quest o

Two Discoveries in the We
Bovey House—A New Ventur

A NEW hotel in the West country has to be something rather special to impress me nowadays. For Devon and Cornwall are full of good hotels. But, when I do find something in the top class, I am naturally the more enthusiastic.

Such a place is Knappe Cross Hotel, between Budleigh Salterton and Exmouth, which, after months of careful preparation, is now about to open. The house was built by Sir Edwin Lutyens and is one of the finest country mansions of recent years. Inside are magnificently proportioned rooms and fine furnishings; outside, a garden with terraces and yew trees and formal beds—a fitting counterpart to the lines of the house itself.

I need not point out how naturally blessed is this part of South Devon for both the holiday-maker and the resident. The climate is second to none in England, being hot and dry in the summer, and warm and genial all the winter. Winter, indeed, seems scarcely to exist; for autumn drags on to an exceptionally early spring.

The countryside is a beautiful and varied one. On one side, Knappe Cross looks down a long, gentle slope to the sea; on the other side is moorland country—a home of riding and hunting and golf and every other sort of sport. I have to rack my brains to think of any hotel which is better situated for a sporting holiday. But that is only half the story. For my first impression of Knappe Cross was that it would be a wonderful place to live in, as well as to visit for a holiday, and I foresee that it is going to be one of those fortunate places which is as full from October to March as it is from April to September.

Mr. and Mrs. Dedman, the joint managers, love the place, and with justification. I have watched the loving care which they have lavished on it in their preparations, and I know that in their management they will adhere to their own standards—which are the highest. For they are critics of good taste in everything—in food, in comfort, and in decoration; and it is fitting that Knappe Cross should be in their charge. It is an hotel of charm and quality; and among people of charm and quality it will find its guests, in enormous numbers.

At the same time as I last saw Knappe Cross, I made another exciting discovery — Bovey House, between Branscombe and Beer. I was prepared to find something interesting, for I had heard rumours of the place before; but I was not prepared for the really magnificent building which greeted my eyes as I drew up to the gate. Bovey House is supposed to have been built in the twelfth century, and it belonged to the abbots of Sherborne until the dissolution of the monasteries, when it became part of Catherine Parr's fortune.

The building is a very beautiful one, what the estate agents call "a noble mansion," in the best sense of that expression. But it was the inside wh ch

There's no other place quite like it.

There's nowhere else where newcomers are so immediately at home. Oatlands has its own 60 acre park with 18-hole golf course, swimming pool, tennis, badminton and squash courts and dancing every Saturday. All inclusive—at from 5 gns. weekly. Write the Manager: OATLANDS PARK HOTEL, WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. Telephone: Weybridge 1190.

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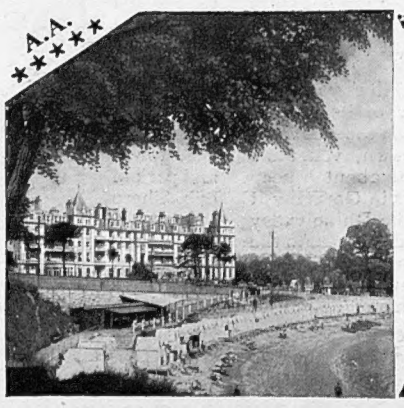
TORQUAY



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GRAND to the smallest detail.

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Good Hotels

ASHLEY COURTENAY

ountry : Knappe Cross and ff the Portsmouth Road

mpressed me most. Here you will find eautifully proportioned rooms, lovely urniture, and, above all, some very ine plaster work.

In the King Charles room, which is erhaps the show piece of the whole ouse, the central panel of the ceiling epicts Charles II's oak tree with the King's face peering out from among he branches, and mounted figures of Cromwell's pursuing soldiers round the utside. This must be about the finest hing of its kind in the West country.

But please do not imagine that Bovey House is a museum ; on the conrary, it is first and foremost a guest ouse, and a very comfortable one at hat. Every care has been taken to ring it up to date in regard to comfort, without impinging in any way on its istorical treasures ; and the central eating has been installed so discreetly hat you notice only the warmth !

Now for a different subject ! As spring becomes more securely established and the days get longer, the Londoner begins to think of evenings ut and short week-ends. For nowadays even the busiest of us can find time to slip away for a breath of country air, but we have not always time to seek out good and original places o visit !

So I am going at frequent intervals o describe places close round London, which I can guarantee are really worth visiting. The first one—and something of a "plum"—is the Hautboy at Ockham, just off the Portsmouth Road between Cobham and Ripley.

This famous old hotel has recently been taken over by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Asprey, whose first venture in hotel-keeping it is. If I am any judge, they are one of those rare couples who are natural born hoteliers, and can afford to dispense with the training which is usually necessary.

What impressed me most about the Hautboy—and I am sure the Aspreys wish to be known by this—is their food and wine. Mr. Asprey knows a good deal about wine, and obviously his whole heart has gone into the writing of his personally compiled wine list. It will certainly take a lot of custom to stale the infinite variety of the Hautboy cellars.

Food, too, is not only good, but unusually good, and the Aspreys are justly proud of the resourcefulness of their chef.

Altogether the Hautboy is an example of how good such a country inn can be, and nobody will regret having turned off the main road to find it.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

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. . GONE for a voyage on dry land ? For that is the impression at the Headland —with the Atlantic on three sides and the sun streaming down from above.

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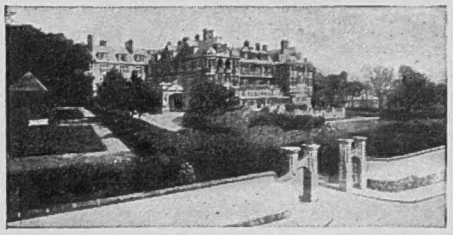

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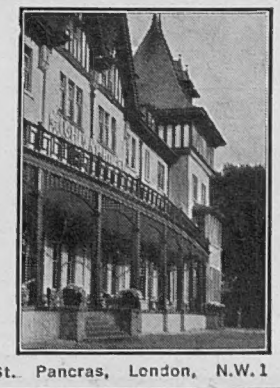

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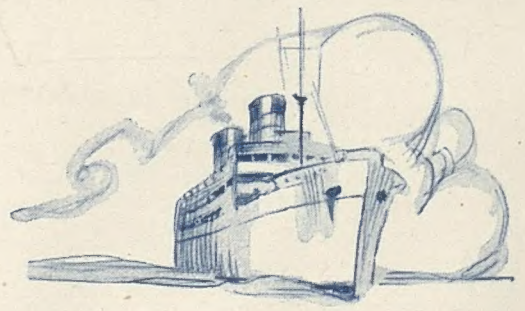

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